# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 39


THE TURNING POINT.

BY F. A. L.

Songsters warbling gaily
'Mong the leafy trees,
Joy bells borne so softly
On the evening breeze;
Tiny flowerets closing
In their mossy beds;
Dew-drops falling gently
On two loving heads.

Blue eyes raised with coyness
Meet an earnest gaze;
Features bright with gladness,
Catch the sun's last rays.
Once again are whisper'd
Words oft breathed before;
And at length comes faltering,
"Thine for evermore."

# A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DOWN AT THE Honor all was gloom, grief, depression.

The rooms were darkened, and in them reigned that heavy silence which the King of Terrors brings ever in his train.

Sir Stuart Woodville looked oddly aged and feeble as he walked up and down the hall. He was a hale, well-preserved man, but he seemed to have grown suddenly old.

It was a terrible blow to him. He had no energy left with which to recuperate. All at once the sweet, green world he loved had become a desolate and dismal place.

"You are all I have now—and I have not you!" he had said, when the coffin had been carried into the library, and the assumed Countess lay sobbing in his arms. "You belong to Harold."

"No, no; you must not see her yet!" she cried, hastily, as he would have entered. "Wait till she looks more like Marguerite. Let me dress her—for the last time!"

How excited she was! how full of strength, resource, decision!

In and out of the darkened library she hurried—now with an armful of autumnal blooms, now with a fluffy cloud of lace.

At the latter, her aunt, sitting subdued and red eyed by the mantel in the hall, exclaimed in astonishment,—

"Why, that is your wedding veil, Lilian!"

"I know. It is none too good for her."

And she was gone.

When she admitted them at last she was flushed with exertion and fatigue. Her eyes shone large and dark.

"Oh, my little Lilian!" Sir Stuart murmured, brokenly.

Mrs. Vere broke out crying.

Very fair and calm and sweet looked the face below.

"There stark she on her carven bed,
Seve: burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head."

Wrapped around the head almost to the brows was a mass of delicate, priceless lace. And lying loosely drifted over her were late white roses. From the nest of lace and velvety blooms shone the peaceful face. Across it the waxlight fell.

She might have been asleep, the old man told himself, mournfully.

He fancied the lips held a faint tinge of bloom. But, no—ah, no! this was the sleep which know no waking!

After much urging, the Countess prevailed on Sir Stuart and his sister to seek refreshment.

"I can't go! How could I eat? Never mind—I shan't be sick. Go, I tell you—I cannot! I am choking!"

They were gone but a few minutes, and she was still standing where they had left her, when her quick ear caught the sound of a heavy and rather irregular tread without.

She knew it!

She caught her breath gaspingly. She had wondered all day why he had not appeared.

He had come at last!

Swiftly, noiselessly, before the new comer had time to knock, she crossed the hall, softly opened the door—held it ajar.

"Come in!" coldly.

Why had she promised him he might see the dead? Was it a challenge to herself? Was it dare-devil recklessness? Or was it a desperate desire to subject her mad plot to a powerful test?

She did not regret her promise for fear of discovery. No; there was no danger now of that she thought, exultingly.

But she hated the sight of his face; she loathed his very presence.

He followed her across the hall, under the dimly-burning, brazen lamps—into the chamber of the dead.

He turned and closed the door behind him.

"Why do you do that?" she cried, sharply.

He looked down on the slender figure in the black, trailing gown.

"Because I have a word to say to you alone!"

He was beside the coffin now. He looked down, his handsome, brooding face dark and set.

"To me?"

He lifted his head; he glanced at her significantly, then pointed downward.

"Yes—about her!"

And now she saw what she till now had failed to notice—that his light clothes were stained and dirty, cravat awry, his hands shaking, his eyes fishy and yet lurid.

She knew in a flash he had been drinking.

"I don't wish to hear it!" she said, hot with scornful anger. "You had better go?"

It was not a wise speech.

He straightened himself defiantly, put his hands behind him, looked at her across the coffin.

"I don't suppose you want to hear it," slowly, and between his clenched teeth, "but you see you've got to all the same."

Their eyes met.

A strange picture in truth. The pretty, soft rugged, book-lined, dimly-illumined old room; in the centre a coffin, from which shone lace, roses and a woman's dead face; and fencing each other across it, quiet as duelists waiting their signal, these two!

She small, dark clad and dark haired, pale now, and pretty, and proud as Lucifer; he, tall, slovenly as to attire, his fine face half stupid, half fierce; he with coarse hands; he, redolent of the stable-yard. A tremendous contrast indeed!

"Well," she said, coldly, "say it, and then go."

"What I want, then, is this—a thousand pounds to keep her secret."

And again he pointed downward.

She actually laughed. Her courage grew stronger every moment.

"You know no secret of hers. If you did, who would believe you? You think because I am a woman you can blackmail me. But you don't know me!"

Her color had rushed back; her beautiful eye met his once more, glittering and unflinching.

She was a brave one; she had pluck, he said to himself.

"So I don't know no secret of hers?" slowly and with cunning, half shut eyes. "Well, there I differ with you. Do you want me to tell Sir Stuart what I know?"

"Coward!" she hissed. "Do you think he would believe you? He would have you horse whipped from the demesne!"

"He would, eh?"

He leaned across the coffin till she could feel his breath upon her cheeks.

"And what," he snarled, "if I brought proof?"

"Proof!" For just a moment she grew giddy. "What proof?"

"This!"—involuntarily she retreated; his body writhed like a snake across the coffin; his evil face was close to hers—"this!" And mark you, I can bring it here—her child!"

"Oh!"

She reeled backward, sick, blind. That had struck home.

"You cannot!" she panted, rallying. "You lie! Her child died!"

Silence. Then she heard wheels rolling up the avenue.

What was that? A laugh? Yes, a laugh, mocking, amused, exultant. He was standing there with crossed arms, coarse and blear-eyed.

"And so," still laughing insolently, "you admit her motherhood!"

Oh, Father of mercy, what had she said?

A faint, wailing cry escaped her. In her quivering excitement she did not hear the fall of the muffled knocker.

The door opened. Some one, tall, brown-bearded, travel-stained, came into the softly-lit room.

He! Desperation, frantic wild, took possession of her.

She sprang forward—beyond the coffin—was across the room.

She flung herself upon his breast, and clung there as one drowning clings to a spar.

"Harold," she cried, "my darling—my husband! Turn that man out! He has insulted me. Turn him out!"

## CHAPTER IX.

"Go, sir!"

The Earl of Silverdale had flung his arm around the shaking but defiant little figure beside him.

With his disengaged hand he pointed authoritatively to the door.

Who was the fellow?

Ah, yes, he recognized him now! That handsome devil of a groom who used to take his horse.

But how in the name of all that was outrageous came he here?

Reuben Garrett staggered a step forward.

"I'll go when I get ready," he jeered.

The commotion had attracted attention. Sir Stuart Woodville and Mrs. Vere came hurrying up the hall, at the lower end of which stood a little knot of servants.

"What does this mean?" demanded the master of the Honor, sharply.

"It means I was telling this fine lady here a few facts about her——"

"Don't let him say it, Harold!" she cried, hoarsely. "He is lying!"

Even as she spoke his arm dropped from her. One swift spring, and his white hands were twisted in the groom's flashy cravat.

As long as he could, because of the presence there, he had held his indignation in check.

Now he was merciless. The attack was so sudden, so undreamed of, the other was not prepared. His head shook under the Earl's grip till they could hear his teeth chattering.

Really a stronger man than the Earl, he seemed incapable of proper resistance.

He struck out savagely, blindly. A few powerful jerks, and Harold had him at the hall door. The latter stood ajar. With his foot he pushed it farther open. A last strong, wrenching swing, and he had flung the resisting intruder, still squirming and swearing, headlong out.

He sauntered back to where the others stood, silent and dismayed.

"A good deed, Harold!" Sir Stuart said. "The man was drunk."

"Yes. But," ruefully regarding his hands, which he was rubbing with his cambric handkerchief, "if I only had not taken off my gloves. Why, I had to touch the fellow!"

"Such a disturbance! I really thought I should expire!" declared Aunt Clara, clasping her plump hands excitedly. "Just as we were eating the curry, I heard the voices. A really delicious curry, too!"

"Well, well, go back and finish it!" advised her brother, testily. "Bless my soul! where's Lilian? Ah, yes, I see! Come away, Clara. They can exist without our society."

In one of the straight-backed hall chairs sat the Countess—just where she had sat the night Harold had mistaken her for her sister. She remembered the moment with a shudder.

She felt stunned and heartsick. Garrett's declaration was startling in the extreme. Was it true? Oh, she wondered so if it were really true!

"My poor little Lilian, how you start! You are nervous, dear! And no wonder. This has been a sad ordeal for you."

Harold was leaning against her chair, rubbing gently the little cold hand he had taken.

"Yes."

Her stiff lips barely formed the word. She felt exhausted. Even his caresses aroused her not at all.

Could she keep it up, she was asking herself, helplessly—could she?

Not for days, but for months, perhaps for years and years. Would she not sometimes want to confess it all, to scream it out, the whole wretched secret, the whole perilous plot?

No, no! She must keep it up. There was no retreating now. All her bridges were burned behind her, and she would be happy yet. Why should her life be a blank—worse than a blank, a perpetual misery—just because her sister died? If that death had opened for her the door to love, luxury, and all the good things of life, should she fear to cross the threshold of the place wherein they lay?

Fear! who said fear? She knew no such word. She looked up into the grave, handsome face bending over her.

"It was awful, Harold! It quite unnerved me. But now with you I am brave again."

And she smiled brightly.

"Ah, now you look more like my Lilian!" he said, approvingly. "I hardly knew you so sombre and sad. You wore just now that queer, brooding look which made poor Marguerite unlike you—like as she was."

"Ah, poor Marguerite!" she sighed.

She shivered as she rose.

"You have not told me yet, how is Iva?"

"Recovering rapidly. There was quite a romance connected with her rescue. I shall tell you about it latter. Just now I want a bite of supper; I'm half famished."

Very late they sat talking. Two or three times when he called her by name she did not move. Again, when he referred to an incident of his wedding tour, she looked at him blankly.

"You poor child! You are so dazed with trouble you can hardly hear or remember," he cried, kissing her.

She gave him a quiet glance, but there was adoration in it.

How good he was! how noble and thoughtful and kind! Truly had Bayard Taylor written,—

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the darling."

And what comfort there was in his pres-

ence! what a sense of security, of protection, of peace!

And so while she

"Sat by the dying fire and thought
Of the dear, dead woman downstairs,"

her heart was gladder than it had been for many a day.

An insane gladness? Perhaps. But the presence of the man she loved, the knowledge that in all the days to come his love and his strength would be her refuge and her shield, elated, transfigured her.

Back to her grey eyes came the light, to her cheek the glow.

And so the night wore on. For her the clasping arms, the passionate kisses, the loving words; and for her who lay below, rigid and cold in her snowy roses and satin and lace—what?

"For there was silence, and nothing there
But silence and scents of eglatere!"

## CHAPTER X.

NOVEMBER! Such a night as it was! clear, cool, crisp, delicious! A sky as darkly blue as polished steel, up which a silvery moon went drifting—the "fretted fire of many stars"—a faint breeze, which seemed to hold all the flower scents of the dead summer in its frosty sweetness.

The little town of Rothlyn was brilliantly illuminated. From the poorest hovels to the richest residences lights glimmered at every pane. Bonfires blazed in the streets; in all the glory of new uniforms and brass instruments, the local band paraded the streets.

For to-night was not the Earl of Silverdale to bring home his bride?

Like a painted palace, like the vision of a dream, like the magic mansion of Aladdin, the old castle looked that night.

In the green heart of a Sussex woodland it stood, imposing, magnificent. On gently-rising land, it commanded an extensive and beautiful view.

Built in the days of Elizabeth, it had been enlarged, improved, till in its majestic beauty was represented the varying style and splendor of several centuries. Turreted, battlemented, the oldest part densely covered with ivy; here a French window, there a porticoed entrance, yonder a curiously balustraded casement, it presented an oddly-distinguished appearance.

Silverdale Castle! at once a palace of pleasure and a veritable stronghold. With its smooth, green terraces, its vast dusky park, where the sun's sharpest lances could scarcely pierce the shield upheld by copper-beech and oak and cedar; its velvet hollows, where the red deer crouched; its huge fountain, leaping like a gush of diamonds from old Neptune's swarthy throat; its orchid houses, its conservatories; its fantastic pagodas and pavilions; its glowing rosery; its cool, silver, shimmering lake; its vistas of bloom and "ways that wind into woody dells;" and not least, its splendid home, rich with the accumulated treasures—the memories, the associations, the refinement and the luxury of centuries—all combined to make it the show-place of the county and the desire of nomadic plutocrats.

But just now there came from the great demesne no song of the nightingale or thrush; still was the voice of the fountain.

And Silverdale Castle looked, as has been said, a palace of enchantment, for it was one blaze of light from cellar to garret.

From the gothic windows of stained glass flanked by oaken doors streamed prismatic radiance, sapphire and rose and gold. Here and there curtains of plush and lace, thrust back, gave glimpses of royal fires, leaping in burnished grates.

And within were flowers and lights and warmth and luxury and fragrance, and an expectant silence.

Restlessly, up and down the great drawing-room walked the daughter of the Earl of Silverdale.

She was coming—her stepmother. How strangely it sounded! And hardly older than herself. Would she love her? Ah, surely she must! That letter to her was all that was tender and good. And the face in the photograph her father had sent her was appealing, and frank and sweet.

Was that the train? A whistle—yes; and a bell ringing—they were slowing into the station. And now faintly to her ears came from the village the roar of many voices—the sound of distant cheering.

A reception in the usual sense the Countess had distinctly declined. No one must be at the Castle to welcome her except Iva. Her loss was too recent; she could not bear any social excitement, she said.

And, indeed, since the September morning when her sister was laid in the little cemetery of the Honor, and she had fallen stiff and senseless when the first shovelful of clay clattered down on the coffin-lid, she had been far from strong.

The Earl had immediately taken her abroad, but lately he had written she was longing for England, so he was bringing her home.

And so, though no celebration at the Castle was to mark the advent of its mistress, the townspeople lighted their windows and set their tar-barrels blazing, and made music to the best of their ability, and clapped their hands sore, and cheered themselves hoarse, for the Earl was a good landlord and a generous one, and they all honored him.

Leaning against an ebony pedestal, her head on her hand, Iva stood and listened to the dull clamor which drifted up from below.

And she did not know what a lovely picture she made standing there. She wore a soft, silky, greenish gown, which was almost black, in fact. Simple and clinging, it outlined charmingly the erect young figure.

The square corsage was edged with filmy lisse, but nothing—not even a thread of gold—marred the velvet snowiness of throat and bosom.

The thick, shiny hair was wound coronet-wise over the proud, pretty head, and just above, but not concealing the pure forehead, clustered sunny ringlets.

And the face, that was so childish and yet so subtly noble—the face, with its slim, dark brows and wonderful violet eyes, and dimples which came and went in the most bewildering fashion—and beautiful rose-red, rose-sweet mouth—ah, it was a face to love, to live for, to die for!

And not merely because of its fairness—many women are fair. Rather because one saw something in it—truth, courage, tenderness, loyalty—which? or all? Whatever it was, one trusted her, seeing it, reverenced and loved her.

Listen! Carriage-wheels. She started—moved forward. She crossed the drawing-room. The iron-clamped doors had been flung wide as she reached the hall.

She went through—out on the broad upper step. And so, standing in the flooding light like the spirit of welcome personified, the alighting travellers looked up and saw her.

"My dear Iva!" her father said.

And then he had her in her arms, and was kissing her warmly.

Gently and quickly she released herself, turning to the little, dark figure beside him. She waited for no words of introduction, but bent her golden head till her lips touched those of her step-mother.

"Welcome home! Are you very tired?" cried the musical young voice. "Oh, you must be! You shall go to your room at once, and then we will have dinner. Don't call your maid. Let we go with you, mamma."

The Earl, busy greeting old domestics turned to shoot her a swift, grateful glance, and something for just a moment made the black lashes of the Countess of Silverdale glittering and wet.

"You are thinner and—and graver than I thought you would be, judging by your picture," Iva said, as the servants having courteied their welcome to the new lady, she and her stepmother went up the grand stairway together.

"My picture!"

"Yes. Papa sent it to me."

They had reached the suite designed for the Countess—half a dozen splendid apartments, all furnished in soft wood tints. She turned on the threshold.

"Why, I have had no picture taken since I was a child."

"Oh, you forget! I have his letter in my pocket. See, here it is!"

She held her the picture.

In the velvet-hung, Persian rugged, brilliantly-lighted corridor she stood and looked at it, and an expression which was actually one of fear came into her face.

For the laughing eyes looking up into hers were those of her once happy sister—the same which had stared at her, glassy and blind, just two months ago.

Her hands shook as she returned it; but her lips were smiling.

"I had forgotten. It was taken when I went to London, almost two years ago. It makes one shudder and feel old to see an unremembered picture of oneself."

And then she gave a little cry of pleasure.

"Oh, how beautiful!"

For she was in her boudoir now—the luxurious, artistic room which was to be her own particular nest.

The curtains and portieres of ruby plush, the mossy carpet, the open ebony piano, the cheerful fire, the good pictures, the easels, the puffy chairs, the cushion-piled lounge, the books, the lights, the flowers—she had never seen anything like it before—anything half so rich, so cosy, so elegant!

"You are looking quite yourself again, Iva," the Earl said, when, an hour later, they sat at dinner.

She laughed.

"Am I? Well, I wonder my hair isn't white with the horror of that awful night."

And then she went on to speak of it to the lady who sat for the first time at the head of the table of which she henceforth would be hostess.

She was strongly affected by circumstances. A rainy day give her the blues. A bit of sunshine cheered her. And now, in this splendid old room, presiding over a superbly appointed table, the viands delicious, the champagne unrivalled, her spirits rose amazingly.

And bewitching and sparkling she looked too, though she was of course all in black—richest of surah, the finest of Spanish lace.

"By the way, Iva," the Earl said, suddenly, looking up from his bird, "whom do you suppose I met in Calais?"

She shook her head smilingly.

"Geoffrey Damyn."

What name was that? Had she heard aright?

Instantly out of the glowing face of the Countess fled all its laughter.

"Yes, I remember him. Sir Geoffrey now, is he not? Did he know you were married?"

His lordship burst out laughing.

"My dear child, I can't tell you. I took it for granted he knew, so did not mention the fact. He was rushing for his boat, so we had not much time for conversation."

How it crept over Marguerite (a thousand pardons! the Countess of Silverdale)—that queer, icy sensation!

If they only would not look at her!

"I asked him to come and pay us a good long visit. He promised to spend Christmas with us. A little wild he always was, but a capital fellow for all that."

Coming here—he! Of all men living, that he should come under her roof! And even if she succeeded in deceiving him, as she had all the rest, if he fell in love with Iva's fresh, young loveliness—what then? What could she say or do? And oh, the horror of meeting him at all hours, smiling back at him, exchanging social nothings with him, and all the time knowing what she did.

She must not faint, she told herself fiercely.

She tried to raise her champagne-glass to her lips. With a musical clink-clink it fell broken on her plate.

"Papa!"

Iva had started up.

"Lilian, my love!"

She was smiling brightly, though her face was very white.

"A slight faintness, the fatigue of travel; that is very wearing, you know."

And all the time she was thinking she could not fight it out. The odds were too heavy against her. And yet she dare not yield.

Good Heavens! why had she not died instead of Lilian? But she had died. Yes, she must remember that. It was Marguerite who was dead—poor Marguerite!

## CHAPTER XI.

A KNOCK.

"May I come in?"

"Come," cried the Countess.

Into the dainty boudoir of ruby and dull gold came Lady Iva. She was dressed for walking—dark blue cloth dress, double breasted astrachan jacket, and pretty bewinged round hat.

"I thought I would look in and tell you I am going out. I would like to see how poor old Granny Morris is getting along."

The Countess, lounging by the hearth, looked up and laughed.

"And who is Granny Morris?"

"Don't you know?" rubbing on her kid gloves as she spoke. "She is my old nurse. She lives on the demesne. In fact, she keeps one of the lodges. Papa is very kind to her because I am so fond of her."

"Ah, yes! You will find it chilly."

"Oh, no! I walk so fast, *Au revoir*, mamma!"

And then she was off and away, leaving her stepmother deep in neglige, slippers and novel by the crackling fire.

Such a splendid day!—a hint of frost in the air. The trees were donning their winter garments, dead leaves drifted under foot, but the sky was brilliantly blue, the air keen and bracing—a day on which it was good just to live and breathe.

For quite an hour the Earl's daughter lingered in the little low-ceiled lodge parlor and talked to the querulous old woman who sat knitting there.

"I hear we've got a grand new mistress up at the Castle, miss?" she questioned, grimly.

"Yes. She is just as sweet as she is lovely, too. She will be more like a sister than a stepmother to me. Oh, who is that?"

For the figure of which she had caught sight through the diamond latticed window was vaguely familiar. The old woman rose hastily, looked out.

She instantly dropped her knitting and rushed to the door.

"Oh, Master Lionel!" Lady Iva heard her cry.

The young fellow, walking slowly by on the road without, looked back smilingly at the shrill summons, and, turning aside, unlatched one of the smaller iron gates, came through, and up the trim walk to the door at which stood Granny Morris.

"My dear laddie! and I didn't know you were home! And were you passing without coming in to see your old nurse?"

His cheery laugh reached the girl within.

"Oh, I thought it was your tea-time and I must not disturb you!" he declared, shaking her skinny old hand vigorously.

"Come in—come in!" turning to light a candle which stood on a little table in the small hall. "And now let me have a good look at you."

The dusk was closing in, already in this little room it was quite dark.

"Why, laddie, you've been sick!" She was holding her candle above her grey head, and looking searchingly at him, in her excitement wholly forgetful of her other guest, who sat silent and surprised in the shadow. "You are white as a slip of a girl. And why have you your beautiful curly hair cut off so close? Dear me, laddie, now I look right hard at you, I can hardly think it's you!"

He was a handsome fellow, splendidly tall and well-proportioned, with a bright, dashing, clean-shaven face, short dark hair, finely chiselled features, straight nose, square chin, firm mouth, and a pair of laughing quizzical eyes.

"I have been ill. I met with an accident which kept me on my back a few weeks. I was in a burning building. Coming from it the ladder I was descending broke. I got considerably shaken up and scorched—so much so that when they showed me a mirror I looked in it, and wondered, like the old woman in children's story books, 'If I be I?' So I said to myself, just as she did:—

"'Well, if I be I,
As I suppose I be,
I've a good nurse at home,
And she'll know me!'

And behold! I have hurried back for you to identify me!"

Her wrinkled face relaxed.

'Oh, go 'long with you now, Mr. Lionel! You are just as great a tease as ever, I de —— Well, if I wasn't forgetting!" wheeling sharply round to where Iva sat. "My dearie, won't you please forgive me?"

The girl rose, pulling on her gloves.

"Certainly! And I must thank you for calling Mr. Lionel."

The young fellow was staring at her half-incredulously.

"Is it——" he began.

She held out her pretty, slender hand with a graceful cordiality.

"Yes, I am Iva Romaine. And this is the first opportunity I've had to thank you for your heroism that terrible night. I do thank you now."

The tone said much more than the words, so earnest it was so tremulous.

For all at once, with appalling vividness, had come back to her that moment when she stood in the high convent window, in the smoke, the flame, the glare—stood looking down on the surging crowd below and waited for death.

And then up the ladder had sprung a stalwart young figure, in gay masquerade ball costume of rose and white satin, all glittering with jewels, and into hers had looked a brave, boyish face, with resolute lips and dauntless eyes—the face which for the second time she beheld in the little candle-lit room of the lodge at her father's gate.

When they came out into the sweet, still November evening he turned and walked beside her up the avenue.

"You are our neighbor, I think papa said. I have been in Sussex so little, I am unfamiliar with its places."

"Yes, our land joins. I have not been home myself very much for several years. I really live in London; but I like to retain the servants and keep the old place ready for occupancy at a moment's notice."

"Then you are alone?"

"Unluckily yes. I have no near relations, no family ties, and so I knock here and there as the humor takes me. Ah, one of your maids has a military admirer, I perceive. One of the new regiment at the

Rothlyn Barracks, I suppose."

Iva glanced carelessly at the two people standing in the shade of a tree just beyond them, and talking earnestly.

The woman was small and slender, the man of unusual height.

It was bright enough for her to notice that he wore the uniform of a private in the English army.

She absorbed were they in their conversation they did not appear to hear the footsteps of the pair approaching.

They were almost upon them when the woman became cognisant of their presence.

She turned sharply; as quickly turned away. Just one glance!

"The Braceborough ball comes off next month, I believe," Lionel was saying. "May we hope—I am a member of the club, you know—that you and the Countess will honor us by your presence?"

She hardly heard him.

"No—that is, yes. We have not really decided yet. Will you not come in?"—for they had crossed the terrace and were at the foot of the shallow stone steps.

"Thank you, no; but I shall call to-morrow if I may."

And then he lifted his hat and walked away.

Iva stood still a moment, then she went in across the rich, lofty, beautiful old hall and up to her own room.

She felt strangely ill at ease and bewildered; for the face which had been turned to her a moment in the waning light, and so suddenly and significantly averted—the face of the woman who talked with a common soldier at dusk in her father's demesne—was that of her stepmother, the Countess of Silverdale!

## CHAPTER XII.

ON the part of the Countess, the meeting had been purely accidental.

Wearying of the drowsy quietude of her room, the dulness of her novel, she had decided to walk down towards the lodge, meet Iva, and return with her.

And ten minutes after her resolution was taken she was out, and walking briskly down the wide, curving avenue.

Suddenly she stopped. She had seen no one, she had not heard a sound; but by some mesmeric intuition she became conscious of an antagonistic presence.

Involuntarily she looked to the right. Standing under a copper-beech was a tall figure in scarlet coat, black trousers, black belt, and Glengarry cap. The knit brows, the beak like nose, the huge moustache—she recognized him immediately.

She recoiled a step. He saw the action, and laughed as he strode towards her.

"Oh, you needn't be scared"—with reassuring insolence—"though you did serve me a mean trick the last time I saw you—getting your high-and-mighty husband to kick me out-of-doors. Well, I'm not drunk now; and this time you must hear me out."

She glanced around helplessly. No one was in sight, and his dark face was threatening as a thundercloud, and set as a bulldog's.

"Well, hurry!"

If she must, she must listen then. The pretty teeth under the rosy lips shut with an angry snap.

"It's about the young one. I can't afford to pay for its support any longer."

"Ah, the child! But you said it was dead."

He smiled.

"So she told you that, did she? Well, she was pretty confidential. I didn't think she was the kind to blab. Yes, I said it was dead, but I don't see how the fact of my saying so proves it."

"You lied, then?" she hissed between her teeth.

"Yes, your ladyship," with cheerful promptness. "I lied—straight! For why? Oh, I thought it would be a good thing to have a hold over her of which she knew nothing—a rod in pickle, as the saying goes—and through it I intended to get even with her some time for the way she trampled on me. I suppose she told you about that, too?" he wound up, fiercely.

"Yes, yes! no matter now. The child really lives, you swear?"

"Yes, if you can call it living. It is in a dirty little hole of a house in a pretty rough corner of London. There are a good many cats around, and a good many rats, and just about as many dirty, hungry young ones. You can't hardly call it living."

"Don't!" she protested, faintly.

She was uncertain whether to be glad or sorry her child lived. It would be another obstacle, another secret, another anxiety. But then how soft the little head which for a few short days had cuddled on her breast, how tender the touch of the tiny hands!

But in that place, among such people things—it was terrible to think of.

"By jingo!" with a gruff laugh; "you're as squeamish over it as if it was your own. And you do look like her. The Lord never made a couple of ivy-leaves more alike than you two. You might be her, you ——"

"Go on!" she cried, feverishly. "The child!"

He folded his arms.

"That's for you to say. I've been skulking around here these couple of days waiting to ask you that identical question. I didn't dare go to the house. I've had all I want of your fire-eater."

What would she do! what could she? She might bring the little one down here, declare him some child taken through charity, have him well cared for. But— And the doubt was a shock. What if this latest yarn was only another diabolical falsehood?

She looked straight up at him.

"How am I to know if I interest myself in this affair but that you are palming off some strange child on me? How am I to know? I can't believe you," with quiet contempt.

His snaky eyes twitched. His moustache curled up at the corners.

"You needn't. You can believe your own eyes."

A resemblance! She had not thought of that. She shrank back a step.

"He is like——" she faltered.

"Like him—yes."

Dusk was creeping through the trees. Chilly, grew the air.

"I can't stand here all night," she declared, impatiently. "Tell me what you want—what you are willing to do?"

"Now, that's business—that's what I like to hear," he commented, placidly. "Well, here's my terms: I'll give you the kid's address—it is written on this card—and you can do as you like about him. I wash my hands of him. She is dead, and so I've no more use for him. I've enlisted, you see," with a glance at his uniform. "I get my shilling a day; but, bless you, what's that? So, if I give you this card (I won't, you know, unless you agree to what I ask—I'll let the youngster die of dirt and starvation first), if I give you this card, and if I promise to keep my mouth shut now and for ever—and you needn't be scared much about that, for our regiment is goint to Egypt soon, and there is less chance of a man coming back than of his staying there—will you give me a thousand pounds?"

She shook her head slowly.

"I have not got it."

"She did not have very much, either, but she gave me her jewelry, and I used to lumber it in London. Why, one night it was pouring rain—New Year's night, it was—and she came rushing through it all to me with a gold chain. She knew I must have something. What's the use of being smart enough to find out about things if you can't make some money out of them when you do find out?"

"Hush!"

Footsteps behind them, coming up the centre of the avenue.

Without considering what she was doing, she glanced around, and flashed her face away again.

But in that second she saw the passers-by were Iva and some strange young gentleman.

"She was awfully afraid of being found out—most so after the Earl, your husband that is, came to the Honor."

"Oh, stop!" she commanded, in a perfect agony of nervousness. "Let me think. I can give you three hundred pounds."

"No go."

Could she possibly raise more? She racked her brain.

"Make it five," he urged.

Far away she could hear the sound of horse's hoofs. Perhaps it was the Earl returning.

"I can't!" she panted.

"All right."

He began to put away the card he held.

Oh, the poor baby! to be left in that hideous place! The mighty mother-instinct rose in all its power. She must get the money somehow. She held out her hand.

"You will make it five?"

She nodded.

Nearer came the sound of the trotting hoofs.

"When will I get it?"

"Friday night."

"Where?"

"Here!"

"You swear it?"

The hoof-beats sounded horribly distinct on the hard road.

"Yes—yes!"

The equestrian had turned in at the gates—was riding rapidly up the avenue.

She snatched the card—hid it in her bosom.

"I will pay you then—yes!" she whispered, savagely. "And I hope—I hope to Heaven you will go to Egypt and be shot down like a dog there, you scoundrel!"

She wheeled away—was standing in the middle of the avenue, hailing the horseman.

He reined in.

"Why, Lilian, dear!"

"Yes," the man in the shadow of the copper-beech heard her cry, sweetly and merrily, "I came to meet you! Now you must dismount and walk up with me—think of my devotion!"

"It was good of you, love! but then, you are all goodness!"

"Of course," gaily.

And her silvery laughter floated back to him as they walked together up the avenue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHANGED HIS VEST.—"What are you looking at?" queried a young man who was standing on a down town corner well known as a meeting place for friends, says a Chicago paper. His remark was addressed to the friend, who had happened along and fallen to staring at the waiting party. "Oh, the vest?" he continued, as he followed his friend's gaze to a very disreputable garment which disgraced his person.

The color was a muddy, yellowish brown; the vest was worn and frayed, and two of the buttons were gone; but there the young man stood, with his stylish hat cocked jauntily, his immaculate patent leathers glistening in the gaslight, and his coat thrown wide open, that he might show more of that frightful garment.

His friend clutched his sleeve and entreated him to button up his coat.

He met the appalling glance with a smile.

"Little experiment of mine," he said. "You see I often have appointments to meet people at this corner. Well, it's a great stamping ground for beggars, and I am their softest mark. If one gets close enough to tackle me I am gone. I can't resist an appeal, though I suspect them all of being frauds. I've got a powerful imagination, and the picture instantly rises before me, if I am ever tempted to say no, of some honest creature, homeless and hungry through no fault of his own, and this floors me. So I have have devised a scheme to divert attention from myself. I thought at first that it was my glittering eye which attracted them, and I donned glasses; but, bless you, it made no difference. Then I thought that maybe my patent-leathers savored too strongly of opulence, and I shook them. But I plainly saw from the way in which I was victimized that night that if I had gone barefoot I would still have suffered. All of a sudden a light broke in on me. It was my vest. You remember my plaid vest?"

The listener groaned.

"I always liked it myself," he continued, "but I had no idea that it was so fascinating to the masses. Well, I shed the vest and here I am. Been showing this one for near an hour, and no one has tackled me except a one-legged man who was near-sighted, and when he got near enough to take it in he shied so that he dropped his crutch. Great scheme, eh?"

NO LONGER JEALOUS.—A young married woman on the north side suddenly grew suspicious of her husband, who before his marriage had been "one of the boys," and recently she determined to catch him. Monday he told her he had to go to the lodge.

"That is only his excuse," she said to herself. "He'll not fool me this time."

As soon as he was around the corner she was after him in a cab. The husband, oblivious of the espionage he was under, went straight to the lodge hall. The cab was pulled up where a view of the hall entrance was secured and a watch was kept.

"He will be down soon," repeated the wife to herself, "and then I'll catch him as he sneaks away."

At ten o'clock the lodge was over and the husband came down stairs with the other members. The "shadow" in the cab was alert to catch every word.

"Come, George," she heard some one say, "let's have a drink before you go home."

"Not to-night," she next heard in reply. "I must go straight home. My wife did not seem well, and I am anxious about her."

Then her husband started off homeward at a brisk walk.

"Whip your horse," the now crestfallen wife exclaimed frantically to the cabby. "I must get home before he does."

The welcome the husband received that night was a surprise to him. "This seems," he said, "like old times."

## Bric-a-Brac.

IN JAPAN.—The domestic superstitions of Japan are so intrenched in the household that religion, argument, even ridicule cannot destroy them. Some of these superstitions have a moral or educational purpose, including lessons of benevolence, neatness, and habits of cleanliness. A room is never swept immediately after the departure of the inmate, for fear of sweeping out the luck. At a marriage ceremony, neither the bride nor the groom wears any clothing of a purple color, lest their marriage be soon dissolved, purple being a color most liable to fade.

SKILL WITH THE PEN.—The most wonderful feats of penmanship have been completely overshadowed by the achievements of a lately invented machine, composed of exquisitely graduated wheels, running a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby the inventor was able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's Prayer within a space which measured the two hundred and ninety-fourth of an inch in length, by the four hundred and fortieth of an inch in breadth, or about the measurement of a dot over the letter "i" in common print. With that machine, anyone who understood operating it could write the whole 3,566 480 letters of the Old and New Testament eight times over in the space of one inch square.

WEARING COMBS.—In England the once popular custom of wearing combs has passed away almost entirely, with the probability of being as speedily revived whenever the eccentricities of fashion shall dictate the change, or some of its votaries of high rank shall set the example. This total extinction of the comb has extended even to children; although it is not so long ago since boys and girls used to have their hair stretched neatly backwards and kept in place by means of a circular comb. The typical English barber, too, was formerly conspicuous for the small comb stuck in the top of his head, or at the side; while the dandies of a century back strutted about in the parks with their hair arranged according to the hideous sugar-loaf pattern, surmounted by a comb of a costly character.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.—There are some rather strange traditions connected with the festival of St. John in the Neapolitan province. Besides casting molten lead into water, and reading their fate from the forms it assumes, it is the custom for young girls to fill a bucket with water, sprinkled with rose-leaves, in which they next morning bathe their faces, in the belief that thus their beauty will be preserved for ever. Another usage is that the girls go out for nine nights in succession before the feast into a balcony, and there repeat three *Paters*, three *Aves*, and three *Glorias*, with a prayer to St. John that records his beheading. On the ninth night, at midnight, she who has prayed in earnest will behold a beam of light in the sky, on which the daughter of Herodias will be seen dancing, while a voice from the bowels of the earth will call out the name of the watcher's future husband. Some girls mount a step ladder, and throw a slipper from the top, aiming at the next step below. As many steps as she misses so many years will pass before her marriage.

AMBER.—Amber has quite a fancy value. Large pieces will fetch a price bearing no sort of regulated relation to that obtained for smaller specimens. A piece one pound in weight is sought after by dealers as a treasure; and when it comes to ten pounds weight (which is in rare instances the case) its price rises to hundreds of pounds. The largest mass at present known weighs eighteen pounds; it was found in Lithuania, and is preserved in the Royal Museum at Berlin. Wise men tell us, however, that we must not always rely on the genuineness of particular specimens. Artificers whose ingenuity is in advance of their honesty take small pieces of amber, smooth the surfaces, moisten them with linseed oil, and press them together over a charcoal fire. The great museum of jewels and minerals at Dresden contains many such built-up specimens. Veritable or factitious, the pieces of gum preserved in museums disclose plentiful examples of bees, wasps, gnats, spiders, and beetles, more or less perfect, suggesting the couplet—

> The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare;
> The wonder's how on earth they enter there.

It is no longer a wonder. All now agree that this amber is an indurated resin which oozes from old pine and fir trees, and accumulates into nodules large or small as they case may be.

MAIDEN! DOST THOU LOVE ME?

BY E. SPENSER.

Maiden! dost thou love me?
For I swear to thee,
By those skies above me,
Thou art all to me.
They may cease to smile upon thee,
They may hurl their tempests on thee;
But more faithful I than they,
Love thee now, and love thee aye!

Maiden, dost thou love me?
By you Queen of Night,
Thou shalt still approve me
Changeless in thy sight.
Oft her placid face is clouded,
Hoodwink'd to thy gaze, and shrouded;
But more faithful I than she,
Now and ever dote on thee!

# LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER X.

LADY FERNDALE drew Norah's arm within hers, and they went into the hall. A carriage of an old-fashioned and remarkably comfortable appearance stood at the steps, and the sight of it seemed to remind Lady Ferndale of Norah's return.

"I'll send her back in a close carriage," she said. "By the way, my child, I think you ought to have something warmer on, the nights are chilly."

Harman, who was standing at a little distance waiting to attend the ladies to the carriage, turned and spoke quietly to someone on the stairs above her, and presently Becca came down with a soft Highland shawl.

"The very thing," said Lady Ferndale, and she looked hard at Becca as she followed with Harman and arranged the light rug over the ladies' knees.

Norah bent forward.

"I have not asked my father yet, Becca," she said softly, "but I am sure you may stay."

Becca, with the photograph in her pocket, dropped a half curtsey, and with a wave of the hand and a bow from the earl the pair of ponies started.

"Wasn't that Rebecca South who came with your shawl, my dear?" asked Lady Ferndale as she skilfully kept the high-mettled ponies in hand.

"Yes," said Norah.

"I didn't know she was in service with you."

"Well, she scarcely is," said Norah, and she explained the circumstances.

Lady Ferndale looked decidedly thoughtful.

"I hope she will be a good girl," she said. "I know she is very clever and quick, but—" she hesitated, "I'm afraid you will find her rather giddy and a little wilful."

Norah laughed slightly.

"Oh, I think she will be good," she said. "She seems reserved and shy at present."

Lady Ferndale smiled.

"I shouldn't call that a fault," she said, "and it is not the character she generally bears; but don't think I am speaking against her. Girls will be girls, and you can't put old heads on young shoulders, especially when the heads are so pretty as Becca's. But don't let us waste time talking about her; I want to hear all about yourself—that is, all you care to tell me," and she slid her hand on to Norah's.

"I will tell you everything, but there is very little to tell," said Norah, and she began, slowly at first, to describe her past life and the little cottage on the cliff.

Lady Ferndale drew her on, now and again bestowing a gentle pressure on the small hand, and before they had gone a couple of miles Norah found herself talking to this new friend as if she had known her for years.

As Lord Ferndale often said, his wife would draw the heart out of a stone if it possessed one.

"And you lived alone with this old servant with the strange name. You must have felt very solitary sometimes, dear. And what a change all this must seem to you!"

"Yes, it was lonely sometimes; but Catherine was not like a servant, she was a second mother to me," said Norah in a low voice, her head averted. "The change!" she smiled. "It is like a fairy story. It is all so beautiful that it is like a dream. I only wish——"

"Well?" asked Lady Ferndale with a smile.

"Oh, sometimes I wish that it was not all quite so—grand. I am always afraid that I shall make some mistake."

"I am quite sure you haven't," retorted Lady Ferndale shrewdly. "My dear, you behave as if you were born in the purple. As I told your father, you must have got your manner from him, the best of his. But it is a change! And it will be greater and more striking presently, for we mean to make a great deal of you. You are our latest acquisition, you know, and must expect to be treated to a little lionising."

As she spoke they entered a lane up a steep hill, and she pulled up the ponies into a walk.

Norah smiled.

"I shall be such a very poor kind of lion," she said. "I'm afraid I don't even know how to roar. I——"

She stopped suddenly, and Lady Ferndale glanced at her to see the cause.

Norah had happened to glance towards the left side of the lane just a little ahead of them, and saw a young man seated on a gate.

An easel stood below him, but he was evidently taking a rest, and sat with his arms resting on his knees, and smoking in deep thought.

She tried not to blush, but she felt the hot blood rising to her face, and she knew that Lady Ferndale's quick eyes had noticed it.

"Who is that, dear?" she asked.

"His name is Cyril Burne," replied Norah, quietly, and as indifferently as she could. "He is an artist."

"Evidently," said Lady Ferndale. "What a handsome young fellow! Is he a friend of yours, dear?"

"Scarcely a friend—I have only met him once——"

She paused, remembering the voice on the terrace.

"He is painting bits of the park."

"Of course; I had forgotten that you only came the other day. Yes, he is remarkably handsome, and it's a fine face, too," said Lady Ferndale, dropping her voice as they came within Cyril's hearing.

He looked up, saw Norah, and dropping from the gate took his pipe from his mouth and raised his hat.

"Shall I stop?" asked Lady Ferndale in a whisper.

"Oh, no," replied Norah in an equally low voice, and the color rose more decidedly.

"Very well," said Lady Ferndale, and the ponies walked on. "I'm rather disappointed," she said with a little laugh, "for I wanted to hear him speak."

Lady Ferndale's disappointment was short-lived, for they had heard someone running behind, and looking back she saw Cyril with a handkerchief in his hand.

"I've dropped my handkerchief," said Lady Ferndale, and she laughed. "It is a fortunate thing it is mine instead of yours, or he would have thought——"

Cyril was up to them by this time, and stood bareheaded, the handkerchief extended.

"Yes, it is mine," said Lady Ferndale. "Oh, thank you so much. I am sorry you should have had so much trouble."

"It was no trouble," he said in his frank, musical voice, which evidently pleased her ladyship, for she smiled upon him graciously.

"Introduce him, dear," she said in a low voice, as she put the handkerchief in the carriage basket.

Norah bent forward and made the introduction, not blushing now, but with that sweet gravity which Lady Ferndale had noticed and been so quick to admire.

Cyril bowed, and waited to be addressed.

"Lady Norah tells me you are painting some views in Santleigh, Mr. Burne," said Lady Ferndale. "I hope you will not be too exclusive, and that you will not altogether neglect the rest of the locality. Santleigh doesn't monopolize all the picturesque; we have got some of it Ferndale."

He looked at her, with the pleasant smile in his handsome eyes.

"Dare I take that as a permission?" he said.

"Oh, yes," replied Lady Ferndale in her open-hearted way. "Lord Ferndale will be delighted if you will paint where you please. He is almost an artist himself."

"I am very fortunate," he said.

It was just the kind of response to gain Lady Ferndale's heart, and she gave a little nod of approval.

"Well, I think you are, to have such a lovely profession, and such lovely places for it," she said. "Good-evening."

Cyril paused a moment to set a rein straight that had got crooked, then lifted his hat and stood back. As he did so he raised his eyes and looked at Norah for a moment—not with the bold stare of the libbed, but with a respectful glance—which she responded to with a slight bow, and the carriage drove on.

"I daresay you think me a very eccentric person, to ask you to introduce me to a man who is almost a stranger to you, my dear," she said with a smile.

"Was it strange?" said Norah with a little start, as if she were waking from a dream.

"Well, it was a little; but then, you see, I know that he was a gentleman."

"Why, yes!" said Norah, below her breath.

"Yes; at my age one is never deceived. One look is enough; and if his face had not proclaimed him his voice would have done so. But I suppose it was wrong. My husband is always scolding me for what he calls my precipitancy. You mustn't follow my example, but rather take warning by me."

"Very well," assented Norah laughingly.

Lady Ferndale was silent for a longer time than was usual with her, then she suddenly exclaimed—

"No!"

"No?" asked Norah.

"I beg your pardon, my dear; I was thinking aloud," explained Lady Ferndale. "I had an idea that I had met your Mr. Cyril Burne before——"

The color rose to Norah's face.

"'My' Mr. Cyril Burne!"

"Well, he's more yours than mine," retorted Lady Ferndale naively. "But it was a mistake. I don't remember him, and I'm good at remembering faces; and yet his seemed familiar to me."

"Perhaps you met him in London," suggested Norah.

Lady Ferndale shook her head doubtfully.

"Perhaps, but I don't think so. Have you made any other acquaintances?" she asked.

Norah told her of the bachelor dinner party on the night of her arrival.

"And I have seen Mr. Guildford Berton since," she said.

She said nothing of the scene between him and Cyril Burne. Somehow it seemed to her as if she had no right to witness it, and therefore to speak of it.

"Hem! Mr. Guildford Berton, said Lady Ferndale, pursing her lips: "and how did he strike you, dear?"

Norah hesitated.

"Thanks," laughed Lady Ferndale; "I agree with you. Mr. Guildford Berton is not a favorite of mine, and whenever I see him I always wonder why on earth your father makes so intimate a friend of him. And yet it seems so unjust to express any opinion that's at all adverse, because Mr. Guildford Berton never does anything that one can complain of. And, really, I ought not to prejudice you against him, for you will be sure to see a great deal of him."

So they talked, the elder lady as delighted with Norah as Norah was with her, and after a time they reached a rambling Queen Anu mansion in red brick, looking, as Norah thought, like a picture of Millais's rather than real brick and stone; with the ivy climbing over it, and setting every glistening window in a deep green frame.

"Yes, it's very pretty," said Lady Ferndale, in response to Norah's exclamation of delight; "and of course I'm very fond and proud of it, though it is not nearly so grand a place as yours. I have spent many happy years there," she added with a little sigh and a blush. "Mine was a love match, my dear, and, unlike some love matches, it has turned out very well. I am still in love with my husband, and I think he likes me a little," and she laughed.

They drove up to the house through a quaint garden in the Dutch style, and Lord Ferndale came down the steps. He was dressed in a white linen suit with a straw hat, and a smile beamed over his handsome face when he saw who it was his wife had brought home.

"Behold the captive of my bow and spear, Edward," said Lady Ferndale laughing.

"This is a delightful surprise, Lady Norah," he said, taking her hand and holding it with a gentle pressure. "I'm awfully glad to see you."

The Earl of Arrowdale would have gone to the stake rather than utter such a word in his welcome to a lady, but to Norah it sounded deliciously hearty, and she looked at Lord Ferndale with a shy gratitude in her dark eyes.

Lady Ferndale took her to her own room, and began at once to make a daughter of her, insisting upon unfastening the long coils of red-brown hair with her own hands, and petting her to her heart's content.

The earl and countess were alone, and all through dinner—which was less stately than the meal at Santleigh Court, and not in the least formal—they vied with each other in making her feel at home.

Lord Ferndale had seen a deal of the world, both the great and the small, and he set himself to amuse the beautiful girl with whom he and his wife had fallen in love at first sight, and presently Norah forgot that she had known them for only so short a time, and talked too.

Lord Ferndale glanced once or twice at his wife, and the glance said plainly

"We have found a treasure: a young woman who is not only pretty, but clever and sensible."

"Now, while you are drinking your claret, Edward, Norah and I will have a quiet ramble; and if you are good, we will give you some music when you come into the drawing-room."

"I will be virtue personified," he responded, as he opened the door for them: "and mind, I only give you half an hour."

Lady Ferndale took Norah into some of the old time-honored rooms, her arm round Norah's waist, and they sauntered amongst the flower beds in the delicious evening air until Lord Ferndale came out of the drawing-room window and called to them.

"Time's up," he said, "and tea's waiting."

Just as if Norah were a daughter of the house, Lady Ferndale drew her gently to the chair in front of the little table, and intimated that she was to preside over the delicate service of antique silver and Sevres; and Norah, filled with happiness and gratitude for the affection they were lavishing upon her, poured out Lord Ferndale's cup of tea and give it to him with a smile and a blush.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE FOOTMAN, having brought in the tea equipage, had retired, and though the room was as superbly decorated and furnished as the drawing-room at the Court, it seemed almost as homely and simple as the little parlor at Cliff Cottage.

Listening to Lord Ferndale's cheerful unaffected talk, Norah thought wistfully how much nicer it would be if her father were a little less stately and formal.

"You refused to sing for us the other night, Lady Norah," he said with a pleasant smile.

"But I will sing now," she said promptly, and she got up at once and went to the grand piano.

He was going to follow her and open it for her, but Lady Ferndale motioned to him to remain where he was, and Norah without a trace of self-consciousness, and with only the desire to please these two loving souls who had made so much of her, sat down and sang the first thing that came into her head.

It is not at all probable that Norah would have made a fortune on the operatic stage, but she had a sweet voice that, though it had been carefully trained, was as natural as a bird's, and as it filled the room, softly lighted by the rose-shaded candles, Lord Ferndale looked at his wife with a mixture of surprise and admiration.

Lady Ferndale was delighted.

"What a dear, clever girl it is!" she murmured, the tears springing to her eyes, for her ladyship's tender heart was easily touched, and Norah's singing so naturally and unaffectedly reminded her of her own girls, now married and flown from the parental nest.

"A rose in June!" quoted Lord Ferndale in a low voice. "If anything can melt Arrowdale's heart, she will!"

Then, the song being ended, he went up to her.

"You sing very beautifully, Lady Norah," he said. "You must give us one or two more; remember, it is a rare treat to us."

"I will sing as long as you like," said Norah simply, and she sang again.

Then Lady Ferndale found a duet, and discovered with delight that their two voices blended together perfectly.

"Oh, my dear, if you only belonged to me!" she exclaimed involuntarily, with a sigh, as she stooped to kiss her.

Was it any wonder that Norah's eyes grew moist with tears of happiness and gratitude, or that when the footman announced that the carriage was waiting she should start with dismay?

Lord Ferndale went out of the room, and returned bearing in his own hand a decanter of wine, and insisted upon Norah's drinking a glass.

"Better obey, dear," said Lady Ferndale smiling, "he is a dreadful tyrant, and fearfully obstinate."

When Norah had got her things on, and Lady Ferndale had wrapped her soft shawl round her, "making me into a parcel-post bundle," as Norah laughingly declared, a maid came forward in her bonnet and cloak.

"I'll send her with you, dear," said Lady Ferndale.

Then Norah showed that she could be as obstinate as Lord Ferndale, and point blank refused the escort.

"Why, what could happen to me in a close carriage between here and the Court, dear Lady Ferndale?" she said. "Please don't send her! I shall not like to come again if I give you so much trouble! You would not send her if—if I were your daughter," she added shyly.

"Norah's right!" exclaimed Lady Ferndale. "But mind, we take you at your word, and you are just to come to us as if you were our daughter. That's a bargain, my child."

"I am witness to it," said Lord Ferndale.

They both went to the carriage, and Lady Ferndale seemed, as she held her in her arms and kissed her, as if she could scarcely bridg herself to part with her, and the last Norah saw of them they were standing arm-in-arm on the steps waving their hands to her.

Norah looked out at the night—the moon was rising a great yellow orb above the hill tops—her whole being thrilling like some sensitive musical instrument, her heart melting under the influence of the lovable couple she had left but a few minutes before.

For a time she leant back in the luxurious carriage, and recalled their kindness to her, and forgot all else; but suddenly, almost with a shock, she found that her thoughts had strayed, and that they had wandered to someone else, and she found herself thinking of Cyril Burne!

It seemed ungrateful to bestow a single thought upon anyone but those two, and she tried to drive him from her mind, but looking out of the window she saw that they were ascending the hill on the other side of which Lady Ferndale had stopped to speak to him, and back he came again.

Would he accept good Lady Ferndale's invitation and leave Santleigh? How very quickly Lady Ferndale had taken to him.

Yes, he was a gentleman, though he might only be an artist, poor and unknown.

If he left Santleigh she would, perhaps, never see him again!

The thought seemed to drive all the happiness out of her heart, and she leant back and drew the shawl round her as if the night had suddenly become cold.

The carriage had reached the top of the hill, and was going down on the other side, and she bent forward to look at the gate upon which Cyril Burne had been sitting, when she saw something white flit from a tree and cross the road. It was an owl, and its screech startled her a little.

It seemed to have startled the horses a great deal, for she felt the carriage swerve, come to a standstill for a second, then rush forward so sharply as to jerk her to the front seat.

With a smile she picked herself up, but the smile vanished, and a vague alarm fell upon her as she saw the hedges and trees flying past the window at racing pace.

Has anyone ever yet been able to describe all the phases by which an accident progresses to the final catastrophe?

Norah knew and realized nothing more until she experienced a jar, as if the wheels had caught upon something, and felt the carriage sway and fall over; but as she fell with it she was conscious of hearing, amidst the stamping and snorting of the frightened horses and the voice of the coachman, the sound of another voice.

If she fainted it must have been only for a moment or so, for without any appreciable interval she saw the uppermost door of the over-turned carriage wrenched open, and felt a man's strong arms round her.

The next moment she was in the road, the arms still encircling her, and looking up she met Cyril Burne's eyes looking into hers with alarm and anxiety—and something else that even in that moment brought the blood mantling to her cheek.

"Are—are you hurt!" he said, or rather breathed, for his devouring anxiety made his voice almost inaudible.

She shook her head and tried to smile.

"No—no, I think not!" she replied, and her own voice was very low.

"Are you sure? Ah, you can't tell!" he exclaimed.

"I'm not hurt, I am sure," she said, and she stood upright and felt—woman-like—for her hat.

He thought—man-like—that she had struck her head; and his anxiety grew poignant.

"Don't move!" he implored her. "Please don't move!"

And his strong arm wound round her, and seemed unconsciously to lift her off her feet, so completely did it support her.

Norah was trembling.

She stretched out her arms, and looked up at him with a flickering laugh.

"I don't think I have broken anything," she said, her color coming and going. "No I'm sure I have not! Oh, please, don't mind me; the poor horses!"

"Never mind the horses!" he said, almost curtly. "Hold on to my arm and walk just three steps: no more, mind!"

Norah obeyed, her hand just touching his arm; he took it in his, and held it firmly.

"I haven't even broken my leg," she said, forcing a laugh. "And I don't see how I could have done! I am not in the least hurt—and do, please, not think of me! The horses——"

He paid not the slightest regard until he had assured himself that she could walk without pain, then she heard him draw a breath and murmur:

"Thank God!"

Then, still holding her arm tightly, he led her to the bank.

"Sit down and rest: quite still, please!" he said.

"Yes," she said obediently, and she allowed him, without the faintest protest, to wrap the shawl round her, noticing how careful and gentle the strong hands became in the act.

She looked up for a second and met his eyes, still full of the deepest anxiety, then lowered hers suddenly, and watched him under her long lashes as he hurried to the side of the coachman.

One horse was standing quivering in every limb, but the other was still lying in the road apparently inextricably jumbled up with the harness.

She noticed that he seemed to take in all the details of the situation with instant promptitude, and she watched him, still under half-lowered lids, as he took out a clasp knife and cut the traces, and gently but firmly got the struggling, panting horse on to his feet.

The coachman and footman stood for a second eying the wreck and wiping their perspiring foreheads; the footman's hat was gone, and his coat was torn.

"Are you hurt in any way?" demanded Cyril Burne.

"No, sir; thank you," replied the coachman after a glance at his fellow servant. "But her ladyship?" he asked anxiously.

"I think—I hope—she is all right," replied Cyril under his breath.

"Thank God for that, sir!"

"Amen!" responded Cyril, almost inaudibly.

"Yes, sir, I don't know what my master and mistress would have done if anything had happened to her." His voice shook. "I've been in his lordship's service twenty years, sir, and this is my first accident—to speak of; but," he looked at the wreck with dismay, "it's a awful one! And it would have been a deal worse," he added with respectful earnestness, "if it hadn't been for you, sir, catching them as you did did. It's a mercy you wasn't got down under 'em and kicked to bits."

"Never mind that," said Cyril quickly and with a warning glance towards Norah "Let us see what damage was done," and he went and examined the carriage.

"The wheel's broke, sir," announced the footman.

"And the pole's gone like matchwood," said the coachman dolefully. "I'm afraid it's impossible to take her ladyship home," he added reluctantly.

What was it made Cyril's heart leap at the words?

"It is not very far to the Court," he said.

"I will see Lady Norah safely home."

The coachman touched his hat.

"Thank you, sir."

"Well, then," said Cyril, for the two men still seemed shaken and confused, "if you are sure you and the footman are not injured you had better lead the horses to the village and leave him here by the carriage until you can help get all away."

The coachman touched his hat.

"Yes, sir," he said; "but I'd rather take the horses back to Ferndale as soon as possible. My mistress will be terribly anxious if we're late, and fancy an accident has happened—which it has."

Cyril nodded, and taking an envelope from his pocket wrote on the blank side in rather shaky characters, for there was a funny feeling in his arm:

"Lady Norah is quite safe and unhurt, and will have reached the Court before you get this. The coachman was not in any way in fault.

"CYRIL BURNE."

He read this to the men, and they touched their hats gratefully.

"Thank you, sir," said the coachman. "It's very good of you to speak up for us, but you haven't said that you risked your own life stopping——"

"Never mind that," said Cyril. "There is no need to mention that; I'm all right. Here, let us drag some of this wreck further out of the road," and he went to help them, but he stopped suddenly, and his face grew momentarily pale.

"Never mind," he said; "the footman will see that no one runs into it."

He took the one carriage lamp that was still burning and examined the horses with a practised eye.

"Not much damage done, wonderful to say," he said cheerfully, "but the sooner you and they are home the better. Good-night."

Then he went back to Norah. She had obeyed him so simplicitly that she seemed to have been motionless. She looked up as he approached her with a question on her lips, for she had heard nothing of the conversation between him and the men; but the simple "Well?" would not come.

"It's all right," he said, answering the look. "Neither of them is hurt, and the horses seem very little the worse, barring the fright. It has been a wonderful escape. And you?" His eyes wandered over her anxiously.

She smiled.

"I have come off even better than the horses," she said, "for I am not even frightened."

"And you can walk?" he asked.

She rose promptly, but he took her arm in time to help her.

"Oh, yes."

"I am afraid you will have to walk to the Court," he said reluctantly, "unless I leave you in charge of the footman and bring some kind of conveyance from the village; it is not very far."

"Oh, no, no," she said quickly. "I can walk home quite easily, and would not give you so much trouble for the world."

"It would not give me trouble," he said quietly. "But ill news flies space, and the earl might hear of the accident, and be alarmed on your account."

"Yes, yes," she assented at once, "I will walk, please."

"You must take my arm," he said.

She put her hand on his arm, then drew back with a sudden color, and her eyes dropped as she said:

"But—but I need not trouble you to come all that way."

His own eyes sought the ground for a moment, then he raised them and looked at her steadily, but with an eagerness, an earnestness which he tried hard to suppress.

"You cannot go alone," he said. "If you will not let me go with you there is only one other way; I will stay by the carriage and send the footman with you."

She caught her lip in her teeth, and stood irresolute for a space while one could count ten, then she looked up at him.

"If you will be so kind," she said.

He thought that she meant him to send the footman, and turned, a little sigh escaping him, but Norah said quite innocently:

"Will you tell him, please, that I will send him any help if he wants it?"

Cyril Burne's face cleared like sunshine after a rain.

"Yes, yes," he said, and he gave the message to the footman and was back in an instant.

"You must take my arm," he said, and though he tried to speak in a matter of fact voice there was a suspiciously joyous thrill in it.

Norah would have declined, but it seemed to her that it would only emphasize the situation, and once more she put her hand upon his arm.

She did not notice that he had given her the right one instead of the left.

For a minute or two they were silent as they made their way along the lane filled with the perfumes of a summer's night.

Above them the moon slowly sailed upwards, a thrush sang sleepily somewhere in the hedge, and the bats whirled through the silver light.

Norah was still trembling a little, but, as she said, she was not frightened. It was not fear that caused her heart to beat so fast that it almost seemed to her as if he must hear it.

The silence at last grew tangible, almost embarrassing, and suddenly Norah almost stopped.

"Lady Ferndale!" she said in a tone of remorse. "She will think that it is worse than it is, and I forgot to send her a message."

"That's all right," he said. "I wrote a line or two saying you were safe, and sent it by the coachman."

She looked at him, but said not a word for a moment, then in a low voice she murmured:

"You seem to have thought of everything."

He laughed softly.

"That was not much to think of, Lady Norah."

"And yet I forgot it," she breathed with self-reproach.

"Oh, don't blame yourself," he said. "Why, the shock alone was enough to drive everything out of your head. I think you have behaved wonderfully."

She smiled at his earnestness.

"How strange that you should have been there!" she said. "You saw it all—or didn't you? I mean when the horses first took fright?"

"Yes, I was watching the owl, and saw it go swooping across the road in front of them. I thought they would be startled. It"—the color flashed into his face for a moment—"it was rather strange my being there." He could not tell her that he had returned to the spot where he had seen her in the afternoon that he might dream of her in the gloaming, and perhaps get a glimpse of her on her way back to the Court. "I'm rather fond of mooning about in the evening. I am glad I happened to be there."

"So am I—so were we all," she corrected herself. "What made the horses stop?" she asked innocently.

"The carriage caught in the trunk of a tree and the near horse fell," he replied simply. "The coachman was not to blame; no one could have held them from the box."

"Poor men," she said. "You will be able to tell Lady Ferndale how it all happened, and that they were not to blame?"

"Yes," he said. "It will be an excuse for calling on Lady Ferndale."

"Ah, yes," she assented, almost eagerly. "You will like her so much."

"You have spent a happy evening?" he asked, and his voice was subdued by sympathy; the touch of her hand, the sound of her voice was thrilling through him. Her very nearness to him was casting a glamor over him, so that it seemed almost impossible to speak any other words than "I love you! I love you!"

"Ah, yes," said Norah; "there never were such lovable people, never! At least," she said softly, "I have met so few people, and never any who were so kind to me."

"Kind to you!" he echoed almost rebelliously. "How could they possibly help it?"

The warmth, and something more than warmth, the subdued passion in his tone sent the blood to her face, and she was silent a moment; then suddenly she stopped.

"Look, there is a glow-worm!" she exclaimed with girlish eagerness, and in a low voice, as if she feared to startle it.

"Yes," he said at once; "would you like to have it? I will get it for you," and he went forward and carefully picked it up. "There it is," he said, holding it in the palm of his hand. "It is not so pretty as its light, and even that vanishes in any other. See," and he held it in the full rays of the moon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

---

HONESTY.—Truth is stronger than any network of deception however complex may be its weaving, and no power can stay the reality will break through and make itself manifest. It is only a question of time when he who pretends to wisdom which he has not is weighed and found wanting. Yet the betrayal of his ignorance will be the least of the penalties he will have to suffer. The greatest mistake he has made has been supposing that the wise and good, whose esteem he covets, value knowledge above sincerity. Ignorance is, in itself, no disgrace. It may result from circumstances over which he could have had no control. In any case, the few things he can by the utmost labor acquire are a mere nothing to those of which he must remain ignorant. But honesty is a characteristic which all may possess, and its absence is a disgrace that nothing can possibly wipe out.

### BE GLAD.

BY SUSANNA J.

Be glad, my child, in the bright Spring morning;
Gather the flow'rs and reap the song
While Life is filled with a thousand pleasures,
For the glowing Summer will come ere long.

The Spring is bright with a changeful beauty,
Wayward and sweet as an untaught child;
But when and where should we look for the harvest,
If the fields were left to the blossoms wild?

The pleasant weeds must be all uprooted,
And the furrows turned with a plough-share keen;
And ripe good seed must be sown and tended
Where only the winding growths have been.

So, though it is Spring with you, my darling—
A time of gladness and flow'rs and song—
The work you choose and the thought you cherish
Shall bear their harvest their whole life long.

## Most Suspicious.

BY Z. Y. X.

"IT IS VERY PLEASANT to be made much of," quoth Hartley Wilsden. "It is worth a man's while to be away from home for a few months, if he is welcomed so cordially."

There was a little purr of gratification from his three sisters when they heard him say this.

Flo dropped an extra lump of sugar into the cup of coffee she was filling; Jess, who was carving some cold beef, put another slice on his plate; and May took additional pains with the bread she was kneeling in front of the fire to toast for him.

"My dear boy," said his mother, edging her chair nearer to his, "you do not know how much we have missed you! The house has seemed very dull to me without my son."

"Now, mamma, you should not have told him that!" cried Flo. "But mothers always do spoil their sons and feed their vanity. Of course everyone is missed out of a family circle. I should be, "dreadfully," because it is I who keep you all in order; and I am sure we were very glad Hartley went to Germany because we shall reap the benefit of it."

"You have had some trouble in settling your uncle's affairs?" observed Mrs. Wilsden to her son.

"Poor uncle John!" ejaculated Hartley, "Yes, he had left them in a sad muddle, but all who knew had loved and respected him, and for his sake some of the leading men of the town came forward and offered me their advice and assistance. I cleared up everything before I quitted the town, paid his few debts, and the residue, which amounts to nearly seven thousand pounds, I have paid in to a banker."

"Your father is delighted with the business capabilities you have evinced," said Mrs. Wilsden, fondly. "He says that no matter how long he may remain an invalid, it is plain that our affairs will not suffer if you take the helm."

"There is mamma flattering her boy again!" cried Flo, in a stage whisper. "Do stop her, someone, or I will. You went to Lyons, Hartley, on your way home to see our sister Marion; but did you know she has sent her children to us because she fancies their health suffers from the closeness of that part of the city where they live?"

Was it merely fancy that Hartley's pale, thoughtful face flushed a little, and that he hesitated before replying?

"Yes; I was at Lyons when the children and Fraulein von Arnim started for England. I should have escorted them here myself, but was unexpectedly detained. They have been with you three weeks; tell me how you like——"

"The darlings! O! immensely!" cried Flo; "they are sweet little creatures. Rather fidgety and peevish, but we shall soon cure that, if mamma does not pet them too much."

"And Ma'amselle von Arnim?"

"She is very nice indeed!" said May emphatically, as she brought the toast to the table to be buttered.

"I do not like her at all!" exclaimed her elder sister, so loudly that the more gentle testimony was almost unheard. "I cannot think why Marion engaged her. A good sensible nurse would have been to much better than this mere girl, who cannot have had sufficient experience to know how to manage a couple of delicate children. Besides, I detest the German language, and only make myself ridiculous if I attempt to speak it."

"Has Ma'amselle von Arnim no English?"

"Oh! yes; I daresay she thinks herself decidedly clever at our language, but she speaks it with a lisp, and a little pretence of hesitation, that in a nursery-governess is absurd and affected."

"And then," chimed in Jess, Flo's close copy in everything. "I thought it was a piece of presumption to offer to assist us in our studies. Why, she cannot be a day older than I am! And again, her name is such a ridiculously sentimental one—Hildegarde Cresscenz von Arnim; though I daresay it is only assumed to impress us, and that in her own country she is simply Annchen or Beth."

"But May does not agree with you in your strictures; how is that?" asked Hartley, in quietest tones.

Flo smiled superciliously.

"Oh! May is just at the age to adore anyone who 'fusses' a little with her. She thinks the 'fraulein' a divinity, because she professes a preference for moonlight walks and Tennyson's poems."

"You seem to have formed a very unfavorable opinion of this stranger," observed Hartley, knitting his brows. "Do you, mother, endorse what Flo and Jess have just been saying?"

Mrs. Wilsden, who had been casting imploring glances at her daughters, now fidgeted on her chair, and wished she could have been spared the necessity of replying to so straightforward a question.

In her heart she thought Hildegarde von Arnim a charming young creature; but she was a nervous little woman, who stood somewhat in awe of the more decided Flo and always dreaded offending her. However, Hartley must be answered, so she endeavored to steer a middle course.

"Indeed, my dear boy, I have seen so little of the poor girl that I am scarcely justified in forming an opinion. Perhaps it would have been wiser if Marion had sent a middle-aged nurse in charge of her little ones; but I must say that ma'amselle is most kind to your father. She reads to him every morning when the children are out with your sisters, and plays chess, or chats with him in the evening, to enable me to come into the drawing-room and be with the girls an hour or two."

"Do you think my father's health improves?" queried Hartley, who thought it useless dwelling any longer on the subject of his little nieces' German governess.

Mrs. Wilsden sighed, shook her head, and put her handkerchief to her eyes, while Flo answered for her:

"Papa makes no real improvement. In fact it is useless mincing the matter—he is a confirmed invalid. We had a new doctor in the spring, but he was quite brutal, insisting that the poor dear ought to be roused and induced to make some exertion every day. We all agreed with Dr. Dorien that it was asking impossibilities.

Hartley sighed too. A couple of years since his father had been one of the victims of a railway collision; and though his life was almost miraculously preserved, he was the mere wreck of the hale, energetic, elderly gentleman he had once been.

"Can we not have further advice?" debated the affectionate son; but again Flo was ready with an answer.

"It would be useless, quite useless, and would only excite and upset him. You shall see for yourself the condition he is in as soon as he wakes from the sleep he generally has after dinner."

"Has he been apprized of my return? Who is with him now?"

"Miss von Arnim; to enable mamma and his man to have a little rest," replied May.

Hartley gave a shrug as he turned to his elder sister.

"After what you have told me of the young lady, I am surprised that you deign to make use of her services."

"How satirically you said that!" cried Jess, pertly. "The young lady will be paid for what she does for papa."

"Do you, then, propose to insult Hildegarde von Arnim?" her brother demanded, speaking so sternly that everyone's attention was arrested. "Out of pure kindness of heart she, by your own showing, devotes her scanty leisure to amusing an invalid, and you requite her with sneers, and defend yourself on the plea that you propose to pay her! Have you not learned yet that there are some services which money cannot requite?"

"Now really, Hartley, you are attaching too much importance to Jess's thoughtless remark," Flo remonstrated. "We are not ill-using the children's governess. We think Marion made a mistake in engaging her——"

"It was I who took that step," interposed Hartley; "I who persuaded the young lady to come here."

"And man like," was Flo's saucy comment, "you chose her for her pretty face and graceful appearance, forgetting that something more was needed. But Marion ought to have been more practical and made her own selection."

"One moment, my too clever sister; you are all abroad. Hildegarde von Arnim is Marion's dearest friend; and when I induced her to agree to this hastily-made arrangement, and come to England to make acquaintance with you, it was not as the governess of my nieces, but as my future wife!"

There was a pause, and glances of consternation were exchanged.

Only Mrs. Wilsden pressed her son's hand and murmured a hope that he would be happy.

Flo, as usual, was the first to speak.

"Has not Miss Hildegarde von Arnim been very deceitful to keep us in ignorance of this?"

"Had she been favored with the kind reception I assured her she would meet with, I daresay Hildegarde would have taken courage to tell you she had promised to be mine; but she is too timid, too sensitive to make such a confession to girls who have kept her at bay because she was a foreigner, and they believed her to be a governess."

Hartley stayed for no more, but went in search of his gentle betrothed, who wept tears of joy when she found herself in his embrace.

Neither of them had anticipated so long a separation, or the young man would have written to his mother, invoking her goodwill for the pretty "fraulein" he loved; and Hildegarde was far too generous to complain of the supercilious manners of his sisters when a vexatious piece of business detained him day after day at Lyons, where the principal creditors of his late uncle resided.

Jess sulked, and Flo was snappish when Hartley brought the young lady to his mother; but May was radiant with pleasure, and no longer attempted to conceal her "penchant" for this new friend.

"Hartley may say what he likes," cried Flo, to her sisters; "but I still maintain that this girl who has him in her toils is deceitful."

"Pray don't say that!" entreated May. "If you would but let yourself like her, you would soon think as I do, that she could not be nicer—so sweet-tempered, so unaffected, so——"

"Spare us a catalogue of her perfections," interposed Flo. "She may be all you say, but it does not alter the fact that Hartley ought not to have gone out of his own country for a wife. There are plenty of charming girls who would been more acceptable to us than a lisping foreigner."

"I suppose we must be civil to her," grumbled Jess.

"You may, if you choose. I shall keep up a dignified reserve till I see good reason to alter my opinion of her."

And to this resolution Flo had adhered for three days, when she burst into the library one morning in a state of the greatest excitement, and addressed her sisters, who were copying some music.

"Jess—May!" she panted. "I was not prejudiced when I called Miss von Arnim deceitful; for she is. I have watched her carefully, and found her out."

"Hush!—pray, hush, Flo!" whispered May. "Hartley is here!"

Flo was embarrassed, but scorned to retract her charge, even when her brother, who was reading in the deep embrasure of an oriel window, put down his book and came forward, demanding to know how she dared say such things of her father's guest.

"I am sorry to vex you," she answered; "but Jenkins, the housemaid, assures me that something is going on in the house which we ought to know.

"Now, before you rave at the woman's impertinence," Flo added, quickly, "tell me this. Were you in the conservatory last evening, after dark, with Miss von Arnim?"

"You know that I was not; that I had ridden over to Avonsmere to see an old college friend, who is ill."

"But she was there," cried his sister; "and not alone. Ask her who was the individual with whom she was whispering?"

"Insult Hildegarde by putting questions to her, dictated by the gossiping slanderous accusations of a servant? Flo, you will make me hate as well as despise you! I would stake my life on my darling's truth and purity. How dare you hint that she is capable of holding clandestine interviews with any one? Shame on you to asperse a helpless stranger, a girl who, in spite of your indifference, is generously eager to win your affection."

Unprepared for so stern a rebuke, Flo burst into tears; but still she persisted in story.

Jenkins was a stolid, upright, middle-aged woman, whose honesty was unimpeachable.

She had seen Miss von Arnim go into the conservatory while Miss Wilsden and her daughters were engaged with visitors. She heard the low murmur of Hildegarde's voice mingling with the deeper accents of a man. She never varied in her tale and Flo believed it.

Rarely had Hartley felt so provoked with his sister.

He redoubled his attentions to his betrothed, that everyone might see his trust in her was unshaken; and when she left his side late in the evening, and Jess invited him to join in some part songs, he refused so bluntly, so severely, that not even his mother ventured to address him again.

He had absorbed himself in a political pamphlet, when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

Flo, agitated but exultant, had come to his side, and was asking:

"Where is she?"

"If you mean Hildegarde," was the cold response, "she is fulfilling the duties in my father's sick chamber that his daughters shirk."

"It is false!" cried Flo. "At this moment she is pacing the conservatory with a man about your own height, so muffled in an ulster and slouched hat, that it is impossible to discern his features; but his arm is passed caressingly about her shoulders—one of her hands is clasped in his——"

"I will hear no more!" exclaimed Hartley furiously. "As for the vile woman who tells you these things——"

"No one told me!" Flo interrupted, half-afraid of the consequences of her revelations. "With my own eyes I have seen what I describe. Go and satisfy yourself of your Hildegarde's treachery."

Hartley needed no second bidding. Snatching up a lamp, he strode away, his frightened but curious mother and sisters creeping after him.

Wide he threw the door leading into the pretty winter-garden erected from his own designs.

Yes, Flo had spoken truly; coming slowly down the central avenue, he saw his betrothed and her male companion.

But no guilty start, no attempt to evade the eyes bent on them was made by either of the pair. On the contrary, Hildegarde's silvery laugh rang out in all its buoyant mirth.

"We are detected. Do not stir—oh! Hartley! nor you, dear Madame Wilsden—but let me bring my patient to you. Behold how firmly he walks—how the discovery that he is regaining power to do so is making him strong and helpful. Ah! I am very happy that I have persuaded him to these efforts. It was to have been our secret till to-morrow, when we proposed to surprise you by appearing in the dining-room to desert."

If Hartley dropped on one knee and reverently kissed the hand of the warm-hearted young creature he had been very nearly taught to doubt, no one noticed it; for Mrs. Wilsden and her daughters had clustered round the invalid whose condition they had learned to regard as incurable, and who was fast sinking into a miserable hypochondriac, when Hildegarde contrived to infuse into him some of her own energy, and arouse in him those hopes of regaining health that have acted in many cases besides his as the most powerful of tonics.

Flo, mortified and bitterly ashamed, stole away to pack a few necessaries and quit the house secretly.

She could not meet the reproaching gaze of Hildegarde, nor bear the well-deserved rebukes of her brother. But she scrawled a few lines, blotting them with many tears, confessing how much she had been to blame, how harsh in her judgments, and pinned the paper to the cushion on her dressing-table.

Then she opened the door to commence her flight, and—ran into the arms of Hartley and Hildegarde.

Need we add that self-willed Flo, melted into humility by their forbearance, was induced to believe that she could better prove her regret for the past by staying where she was, and acting as chief bridesmaid at the wedding that took place as soon as the relatives of the bride were able to join her in England.

"WHAT are you crying over, Julia dear?" "Longfellow's 'Evangeline.' It makes me sad that women don't appreciate love and constancy as they should." At this moment a servant enters with cards. After glancing at them Julia says, "Oh, how lovely! It's Cadille Jones and Freddie de Browne. Come down with me, Emily, and help in the fun. I am engaged to both of them."

## A Fatal Jest.

BY C. S. T.

"IT DOES SEEM strange," Mrs. Winship said, amusingly, "that after your experience of men, you should place such entire confidence in this Mr. Woodford."

"It is so strange," Olive returned, "that I dare not analyse or dwell upon it. It seems to become unreal and absurd when I sit down and apply common sense as a touchstone. It came to me by degrees. I do not know what it is based upon, and yet it is in my soul firm as a rock. You know how he came into my life, how I told him of my bruised love, my lost faith, when he asked me to marry him, and begged him to leave me in peace, because I dared not again venture to taste the bitter sweetness of love. You know how he said, 'Let me teach you faith; let me prove to you that there is one man who is genuine. Just place your hand in mine and trust me. Give me three months to win your entire confidence and love without asking a question. I have told you who and what I am. I withhold just one thing, with which I shall test you after you have learned to love me and trust me completely.'"

"Well, the three months' probation is about ended, isn't it?" Mrs. Winship questioned, lightly. "What do you think of the test to be applied?"

"I do not think, or care, or question," Olive returned. "I am just as sure of his nobility and loyalty as of my existence. I live, breathe, and move in the transcendent light of his perfect faith. Why, Roger Woodford holds me in his hand. You know I am not a woman to be easily ruled or influenced, and yet this great masterful man, with his strong face (yes, I know you think him positively ugly), has acquired such a hold upon me that I am proud—yes, proud and happy—to bow my head in submission to his will. I like to trust him. I have always contended that man's natural desire for supremacy should be checked, not encouraged, since it too often develops into tyranny; yet, to me, this man stands so far above other men that I do not think it possible for him to take advantage by a hair's breadth of this full surrender of my heart to him."

Olive's face was glowing softly as she spoke.

Mrs. Winship looked at her in wonder, trembling a little for this exalted mood. The settled sadness of her face had been banished by the new, transforming love. Her whole being seemed transformed.

"I was afraid you were losing your good looks permanently," Mrs. Winship said, as she looked at her friend's face approvingly; "but you never looked so well, and I have not heard you complain of your heart trouble for some time."

"I haven't had a pain there for weeks," returned Olive. "Who knows? It may have left me altogether."

Mrs. Winship sighed; why, she did not know. She had never made up her mind about Mr. Woodford.

She did not view him through a rose-colored medium by any means. A feeling of opposition, almost amounting to repulsion, was begotten in her whenever they came into the same atmosphere.

It was the natural result of the meeting of two positive characters incapable of harmonious adjustment. He on his side was affected in the same way by her.

In all friendship, and especially in all happy love, one of the pair is in excess of the other. If not, they will clash inevitably.

As I have said, Mrs. Winship trembled sometimes for the complete influence this man had acquired over her friend.

Had he mesmerised her? He looked capable of it. What if he should fail her at last? Could the much-tried soul, upon whom the fates had heaped their undeserved wrath, withstand the shock?

She only wished that her faith in the ultimate outcome was as strong as Olive's present confidence in him.

At the same hour, Roger Woodford was sitting in his room, studying Olive's picture with critical but tender eyes.

He loved her most truly and quite as tenderly as a man may whose own heart has never known the baptism of suffering.

He was thirty-five, and in love now for the first time. He had flirted a little; had stood off most of the time and surveyed women critically, and thought he knew the sex perfectly.

He was high-minded and honorable, yet understood little of the inner-most recesses of a woman's soul.

There was zest in the situation. The stimulation of the effort to bring her under full control was like that of wine.

Day by day he demonstrated the potency of his own magnetism, which, by some secret chemicalisation, neutralized the positive forces of her nature, and brought her under the domination of his will.

Mesmerised? Yes, by a mesmerism that was healthful and life-giving to the subject, while it crowned his life with supreme satisfaction.

"I knew she was mine the first time our eyes met," he was thinking now; "though I could see she was momentarily repelled by me. I know I am all the world to her, that he believes in me thoroughly. I wonder if she realizes what she is to me, if she knows that she holds me in bands light as air, yet strong as iron? It seems idle to apply my test. She will see through, above, and beyond it instantly. She will tear up my note and fling it away, and say, 'He writes this but to try me. He does not, he cannot, mean it!' And yet the experiment is worth while. It would be so delicious to take her in my arms and reassure her, and listen to her chiding, if she should for a moment half believe that I meant it."

He drew writing materials to him. Why did not some voice from within eternal space warn him? Why did not some far-seeing intelligence whisper how easily a bruised reed may be broken?

He wrote:

"Dear Olive,—How shall I tell you, and yet I must, that there is, after all, a barrier to our union? I have been married. I fully expected to get a quiet separation when I first saw you. By an ingenious legal quibble I now find that I cannot. I scarcely dare go to you, and yet I must see you and talk it all over. Pity me, oh, pity me! Do not blame, but let my great love for you excuse me."

* * * * * * * *

Olive's heart was singing softly while she made herself ready to meet her lover. She was dressing in the pretty, dainty chamber she occupied with Mrs. Winship.

He would tell her all that evening, and in a few weeks she would be his wife. How well she loved him! She looked at the face in the mirror with dissatisfaction. If it were only fresh and beautiful, if she could only bring to him all physical perfection!

"Why should I care?" she questioned. "Does he not love me just as I am?"

She arrayed herself in the dress he liked best. She gave her hair the most careful touches, and arranged the softest lace about her neck.

All at once, as she gave the last finishing touches here and there to her toilet, a large crayon picture of herself, hanging on the wall, fell to the floor with a crash.

With a strange, ominous dread stealing over her, she stepped up to examine. The strands of the cord had parted.

She lifted the picture and shivered as she saw the shattered fragments of the glass on the carpet.

The old superstition about a broken mirror fastened upon her.

"An omen of death!" she murmured. "Is it my death, I wonder?"

She shook off the nervous dread partially, in a moment, and tried to laugh at the white, scared reflection in the mirror.

"That's a fine face to carry downstairs to your lover!" she said, playfully. "If the cord broke, why shouldn't the picture fall? It could scarcely remain in the air with gravitation a fixed fact. Oh, what a goose you are, Olive Russell!"

She ran downstairs, and went into the pretty little drawing-room, where she was to meet him.

The gas was burning low. The crimson plush chairs and sofa looked inviting. She sank into a low chair and leaned her head back with a determination to forget the ill omen.

"How he will laugh when I tell him!" she thought. "He is not superstitious."

The bell rang. Ah, he had come! He would come upstairs, as usual, without being announced. But when she answered "Come," to the low rap at the door, the girl opened it, and handed her a note.

"Something has detained him," she thought, as she recognised the hand writing, but he fingers trembled as she tore open the envelope.

Her eyes ran over the words in his bold, distinct hand writing, and the thoughts conveyed in them seemed to beat against her spirit like solid, inflexible forms, to bear and bear her down pitilessly, and overwhelm her. Her beautiful faith was crushed beneath them.

The relentless fates fastened themselves again upon her furiously. She had been doomed from the beginning!

She pressed both hands to her heart as a dart of pain, sharp and sudden, seemed to pierce it. She drew a few short, gasping breaths; then her head fell back against the crimson upholstery, her eyes closed wearily, and the canary, looking down from his perch upon the motionless form that had so often ministered lovingly to his wants, chirped a strange, lonely little note of sorrow.

Ten minutes later, Roger Woodford, with a smile and a nod to the girl who had admitted him, and who smiled back understandingly, was ascending the stairs, his heart misgiving him at every step that he had caused her even a few moments' unpleasant surprise, yet reassuring himself with the thought:

"She will see through it all at the first glance."

"She is feigning anger," he thought, when no light step came in response to his rap.

He opened the door and walked in.

"Olive!" he said, eagerly; "Olive!" as he caught a glimpse of the still face in the dim light, and saw the letter on the carpet.

"She has fainted," he thought, remorsefully.

He took her in his arms. He showered kisses upon her face. He called her by all endearing names.

A sudden horror came over him, as he all at once remembered what she had told him about a peculiar heart affection to which she was subject.

He laid her down upon the sofa. Like a man turning to stone he went downstairs and sought Mrs. Winship.

A physician was at once summoned. He bent over her gravely.

"She is quite dead," he said, after a careful examination. "You know I told you," turning to Mrs. Winship, "that a sudden shock might kill her at any time."

"I am her murderer!" Roger Woodford groaned in spirit as he knelt beside her. He was stricken as by years of sorrow. Yet he was to live.

To him was to come the long discipline of pain, through which alone by some inscrutable law of the universe, the human soul continues its onward march to perfection.

In his interview with Mrs. Winship later, she was severe.

"You were not sympathetic enough to make her happy," she said. "You knew how to control her very breath, and I used to tremble for her, because I knew it was not in you to understand her fine, sensitive, susceptible nature thoroughly. If you had been the fine, sympathetic man she imagined, you would have cut off your hand rather than give her such a shock from mere caprice. My Poor Olive! Thank Heaven, she has entered into rest."

He did not try to soften her, though he knew that she was misjudging him.

What did it matter that he knew he was full of undeveloped sympathy, that by daily association with Olive, by the education of her influence, he would have become one with her in all things, that she would never have appealed to his tenderness in vain?

But his faith trusts that she knows and understands, and is waiting for him.

---

USED TO THOROUGH-BREDS.—A wealthy rancher of Wyoming Territory recently related a story of a rich young Englishman, who, while looking about the West for good investments, visited his ranch. He stayed there a few days, and one afternoon as the cowboys were about to round up a bunch of cow-ponies the young man said that he would enjoy a good ride in the saddle. He said he was used to riding only thoroughbreds and he didn't think they had a horse good enough for him.

The boys convinced him that they had one of the finest horses on the plains and if he knew how to ride he was welcome to the animal. He was apparently insulted when questioned about his ability to ride and answered that he could ride any kind of a horse. A sleepy looking bronco was brought out from the corrals and saddled. Though he appeared half dead he was the worst bucker in the herd. "E's lifeless," said the foreigner when the pony was brought to him. The boys said the "nag" would wake up after the first mile and the visitor got into the saddle.

He didn't linger long. The first buck-jump placed him on the horse's neck, and after the second he was in the atmosphere. He turned a double somersault and landed on the sharp end of a cactus plant. When he picked himself up one of the boys asked what he thought of the thoroughbred now. The question made the Englishman turn pale. "E's a good 'oss," he answered, "but 'e lopes too blooming' 'igh."

## Scientific and Useful.

ELECTRIC WELDING.—With the view of testing the rapidity of electric welding twenty pieces of one-inch common round iron bars with rough ends were recently welded together by two men in thirteen minutes.

WALL-PAPER.—It is claimed that wall-paper can be made in such a way that the passage of low-tension electric currents will heat it moderately warm to the touch and diffuse throughout the room an agreeable temperature.

A COLLAPSING CRATE.—A new crate of stout iron wire, is capable of folding up so as to go into small bulk. The top and bottom are hinged to the sides, and when the crate is required, they are closed up and secured by hooks on the edges. No rope or nailing is employed to fasten the receptacle, which is particularly useful in railway traveling. It can, of course, be lined inside.

STREET INDICATORS.—Paris is to be provided with comprehensive street indicators in all the principal thoroughfares, and the first of these has recently been placed on the Boulevard Magenta, close to the Northern Railway terminus. The indicator is supported by a figure in bronze, has four faces protected by glass, and is illuminated by night. The information given comprises the locality of all the post offices, police stations, fire brigade stations, hospitals, charitable institutions, omnibus stations, &c., in the neighborhood; together with the names and addresses of the public officers, physicians, apothecaries, dentists, &c., of the district. Some such indicators would be useful in other cities than Paris, and would save many inquiries of police officers and others.

ENAMELLED JEWELRY. — "Enamelled jewelry," said a manufacturer the other day to a New York reporter, "is very much the rage just now, and we have considerable difficulty in getting competent workmen to do the coloring. You see, the fashion runs to marguerites, clover leaves, daisies, &c., and much care and artistic taste have to be exercised in laying on the exact shades which, when 'fired,' will bring out the chosen flowers as nearly as possible to nature's tints. There are very few enamellers—that is, of course, high art enamellers—to be secured in New York, and, strange as it may seem—and yet why should it be anything strange?—one of the best, if not the very best, is a woman. She will not work for less than $100 a week, and she has no trouble in finding constant employment at that figure. She is a splendid colorist, and is full of suggestions as to designs. Women of such special capabilities are always in demand."

## Farm and Garden.

SOILS.—A sandy soil becomes warm sooner than a heavy soil. While the seeds may germinate and appear earlier on a sandy soil, yet there should not be too much hurry in planting for fear of late frosts.

THOROUGH-BREDS.—If one farmer does not feel able to purchase and keep a thorough-bred boar himself, in many cases it will pay to combine with three or four of his neighbors and secure a good animal rather than continue to breed a scrub.

BREEDING.—Keep your breeding pure, whatever it is. Do not mix blood unless you do it intelligently for a special purpose. If you make a cross, do not make it with bloods so wide apart that they cannot readily coalesce. You want harmony, not antagonism, in breeding.

STABLE ODORS.—Odors in the stable indicate that the air therein is impure. The use of absorbents, with due regard to keeping the stalls clean, is very important. Once a week the stable should be sprinkled with a solution made of one pound of copperas in two gallons of soft water.

WEEDS.—Weeds will come up sooner than the crop. The damage from weeds is done early in the season, as they crowd out the young plants and appropriate the plant food. Much labor can be saved by working the plowed land over with a cultivator and harrow before planting if the weeds have made a start.

COST OF PRODUCTION.—Various tests show that the cost of the production of milk differs greatly in cows, some cows producing milk at a cost of one-third that produced from others. The importance of using only the best cows is plainly shown by the differences in the cost. The yield of milk does not always give the true value of the animal. The only mode of determining the profit is to keep a record of the receipts and expenses of each cow.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 5, 1890.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**

(IN ADVANCE.)

Copy One Year ..... $2 00
2 Copies One Year ..... 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club ..... 6 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club ..... 10 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

**Notice.**

Our readers are directed to the premium offer of Dickens' or Waverly Novels on another page.

## A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

**Those Who Are "Down."**

A buffalo falls sick, and his companions soon gore and trample him to death; the herds of deer act in the same way, and even domestic cattle will ill treat one of their number that seems ailing.

The terrible "rogue" elephant is always one that has been driven from his herd; the injury rankles him, and he ends by killing any weaker living creature that may cross his path.

Again, watch a poor crow that is blown out to sea. So long as his flight is strong and even, he is unmolested; but let him show signs of wavering, or, above all, let him try to catch up with a steamship that is going in the teeth of the wind, and the fierce gulls slay him at once.

Do we not observe something analogous taking place in the terrible crush of civilized human life? To thoughtful minds there is no surer sign of the progress that humanity is slowly making than the fact that among our marvellous race the weak are succored.

Were it not for the blessed sights of helpfulness and pity that we can always see, many of us would give way to despair, and think that man is indeed no more than a two legged brute without feathers.

The savage even now kills aged people without remorse, just as the Sardinian islanders did in the ancient days; and there are certain tribes which think nothing of destroying an unfortunate being who may have grown weakly.

Among us, the merest lazar that crawls is sure of some succor if he can only contrive to let his evil case be known; and even the criminal, let him be never so vile, may always be taken up and aided by kindly friends for the bare trouble of asking.

But there are still symptoms of the animal disposition to be seen; and only too many people conspire to show that human nature is much the same as it was in the days when Job called in his agony for comfort and found none. Wonderful and disquieting it is to see how the noblest of minds have been driven in all ages to mourn over the disposition of men to strike at the unfortunate!

The Book of Job is one of the finest pieces of literary work known to the world, and it is mainly taken up with a picture of the treatment which the Arabian patriarch met with at the hands of his friends. People do not look for sarcasm in the Bible, but the unconscious, lofty sarcasm of Job is so terrible that it shows how a mighty intellect may be driven by bitter wrong into transcendencies of wrath and scorn.

"Ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." The old desert-prince will not succumb even in his worst extremity, and he lashes his tormentors with wild but strong bursts of withering satire.

But Job was "down," and his cool friends went on imperturbably, probing his weakness, sneering at his excuses, and, we suspect, rejoicing not a little in his wild outbreaks of pain and despair.

The book is one of the world's monuments, and it has been placed there to remind all people that dwell on earth of their own innate meanness; it has been placed before us as a lesson against cruelty, treachery, ingratitude.

Have we gone very far in the right direction since Job raged and mourned? Those who look around them may answer the question in their own way.

Sometimes we wonder whether the majority of men ever really try to conceive what it is to be "down" until their fate is upon them. We can hardly think it.

It has been well said that all of us know we shall die, but none of us believe it. The idea of the dark plunge is unfamiliar to the healthy imagination; and the majority of our race go on as if the great change were only a fable devised by foolish poets to scare children.

We believe that, if all men were vouchsafed a sudden comprehension of the real meaning of death, sin would cease.

Furthermore, we are persuaded that, if every man could see in a flash the burning history of the one who is down, the whole of our reasonable population would take thought for the morrow—drink-shops would be closed, the dice-box would rattle no more, and the sight of a genuine idler would be unknown.

Not a few of us have seen tragedies enough in the course of our pilgrimage, and have learned to regard the doomed weaklings—the wreckage of civilization, the folk who are "down"—with mingled compassion and dismay. We have found in such cases that the miserable mortals never knew to what they were coming; and the most notable feature in their attitude was the wild and almost tearful surprise with which they regarded the conduct of their friends.

Be it remembered that, although the ruined and blameless man is not subjected to such moral scorn as falls to the lot of the wastrel, the practical consequences of being "down" are much the same for him as for the victim of sloth or sin.

He feels the pinch of physical misery, and, however lofty his spirit may be, it can never be lofty enough to relieve the gnawing pains of bodily privation. Moreover, he will meet with persecution just as if he were a villain or a cheat, and that too from men who know that he is honest.

What can the man do who is "down?" Frankly, nothing, unless his strength holds. We advise such a one never to seek for help from any one but himself, and never to try for any of the employments which are supposed to be "easy."

Cold neglect, insulting compassion, lying promises, evasive and complimentary nothings—these will be his portion.

If he cannot perform any skilled labor, let him run the risk of seeming degraded; and, if he has to push a trade in matches or flowers, let him rather do that than bear the more or less kindly flouts which meet the supplicant.

To all who are young and strong we would say, "Live to-day as though to-morrow you might be ruined—or dead."

A SPOKEN word can never be recalled; and the world is often cruel and unforgiving. Lifelong enemies may be made by the utterance of a thoughtless remark, and friendships that have become ivy-grown with age may be suddenly rent asunder. On the other hand, kindly words, like kindly deeds, are never thrown away, and bring unlooked for comfort when perhaps most needed and least expected. Our voices should be used for the good of ourselves and our fellow creatures; and the more careful we are to remember this injunction, the more we shall increase our power of influence over those around us.

WE all need to honor our daily pursuits more than we do—to realize that, if we follow them honestly and earnestly, their best results can never be taken from us. This would take the sting out of much that we call failure. No one who has done his best can ever wholly fail. He has that stored up within him which is of more value than many transient successes. It, as Byron tells us, "they never fail who die in a great cause," certain it is that they too never fail who live in the energetic and persevering pursuit of whatever is good or true or useful to mankind.

THE experiences of many observing persons have satisfied them that the chief sources of family friction are, on the part of the husband, a domineering disposition; on the part of the wife, frivolity; and of both together, selfishness or want of consideration. All are the faults of undeveloped natures, and not of marriage, though close association may intensify them. Sometimes these faults are reversed—it is the husband who lacks depth and character, and the wife who rules with a rod of iron.

IT is not encouraging to do favors for another when we are left in uncertainty as to whether they are welcome or not. Many a large hearted and generous nature is thrust back upon itself by the cold or reluctant or indifferent way in which its favors are received. If we analyze the feeling which prompts this ungraciousness, it resolves itself into a selfishness as pronounced as that which hugs its own possessions with an unflinching grasp.

WIT undirected by benevolence generally falls into personal satire, the keenest instrument of unkindness. It is so easy to laugh at the expense of our friends and neighbors—they furnish such ready materials for our wit—that all moral forces should be arrayed against the propensity and its earliest indications checked.

THE noble and the pure are fond of the home of their childhood, and of those who sat with them round its old fireplace. That man is to be distrusted who loves not his brother; and the woman who loves not her sister is, except in rare peculiar instances, a woman who is not herself beloved.

IF a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship, so to speak, in constant repair.

A NEAT bit of proverbial philosophy, said to be of Japanese origin, is, "Be like the tree which covers with flowers the hand that shakes it."

THE injury of prodigality leads to this, that he that will not economize will have to agonize.

THERE is no creature so small and abject, that it representeth not the goodness of God.

HE who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.

HE who doth his best, doth well.

**The World's Happenings.**

The word "boss" comes from the low Dutch, and means master.

One hundred and twenty walnut trees standing in the forest near Delphi, Ind., were sold lately for $10,000.

This sentence contains all the letters of the English alphabet. J. Gray packed with my box five dozen quills.

A. S. Clough, of Prescott, Arizona, drives a team of mules that are 33 and 35 years old. They are still good workers.

An American bar and a winter garden on the roof of the new premises of the Pelican Club, in Soho, is the latest London idea.

A shorthand reporter in Placer county, Cal., charged for punctuation marks as if they were words, and the county wants $104.30 refunded.

There are a dozen factories in Amsterdam kept busy night and day making genuine old spoons, knives and forks for idiotic American tourists.

According to a high authority in the English navy, the decision has been made that masts and spars are hereafter to be banished from all fighting vessels.

The will of Mrs. Mary E. McDonald, who died recently at Flushing, L. I., bequeaths $100 to Dr. Louis A. Stimson, with the request that he buy himself a dog.

New York has a Thirteen Club which offsets the superstition by giving fine dinners. At the first dinner, the other night, there were four tables and 13 diners at each.

A graveyard near Shawneetown, Illinois, has become overrun with rats, and they attack nearly every body shortly after it is buried. All attempts to exterminate them have been failures.

A farmer dug open a hole in the ground near Buchanan, Mich., a few days ago, and found, so it is reported, five skunks, a rabbit and three snakes living together in peace and plenty.

A prisoner in the St. Clair county, Mich., jail imagines that he is a New York murderer undergoing execution, and claims that he can feel the currents of electricity plowing through his body.

Since the inauguration of a new system of postal wagons for emptying the mail boxes in Berlin, an ordinary city letter reaches its destination in an hour after leaving the hands of the sender.

Oysters are a favorite dish with the legislators at Washington. In the Senate restaurant about 25 bushels a day are served out, and fully the same quantity is dealt out in the House restaurant.

A man at Wimborne, England, 66 years old, married his 25-year-old servant a week after his first wife died, and on their way from the Register's Office the couple were pelted with rice, flour and peas by a mob.

An electric vegetable is said to have been discovered in India which has the power of affecting the magnetic needle at a distance of 20 feet when the weather is favorable. In rainy weather it has no electric influence whatever.

Charles John Gay, an English cartman, after a good record of fourteen years, has just been sent to prison for a month for stealing two oranges worth one penny, from some goods he was carting for a large firm of jam makers.

Not every person knows that the sure test of genuine paper currency is to hold the bill up to the light, so that you can discern two lines running parallel across its entire length. These are a red and a blue silk thread inside the paper. No counterfeit has them.

A British captain claims that he saw a vessel go through a Newfoundland fog and leave an open space like a tunnel. Another ship was able to follow, keeping the other in sight all the way. The first vessel had its decks all littered up with fog, and carried some of it into port.

A second consignment of nine tons of mummified cats from the great Egyptian cat cemetery has been sold at auction in Liverpool. The bulk of it brought $20.37 per ton, but some single pieces went for fancy prices, such as $10 12 for a head and $1.37 for a perfect body without the head.

A Parisian firm has just finished making an Easter egg, intended for a wealthy Spanish lady, at a cost of $4,000. It is a most ingenious piece of mechanism, and is made entirely of pure white enamel. It is provided with doors and slides, the inside being engraved with Easter gospels.

A considerate firm in Haverhill, Mass., having bought an abandoned skating rink, before tearing it down gave their employes and friends to the number of 1200 the free use of it for a ball room, and even provided the music and refreshments, and allowed all hands the use of the toboggans.

Jimmy Canfield, a messenger boy employed in the New York Produce Exchange, went to a variety show on the Bowery one night recently. Jimmy saw one of the performers throw a half dollar into the air and catch it between his teeth. He attempted the same feat next morning, and the coin went down his throat.

The physicians of Birmingham, Ala., are much interested in a child born there a few days ago. The child is only two inches long and weighed exactly two ounces. It died three hours after birth. It has been preserved in alcohol. It is the first instance known to medical science where a child of that size was born alive and lived any length of time.

The oldest lawsuit on record, perhaps, is one now being tried in the highest Russian Court at St. Petersburg. It was brought 500 years ago against the city of Kamanez-Podolsk, by the heirs of a dead nobleman, to recover many thousand acres of his estate, which had been confiscated by the municipality. The written testimony is said to weigh 40 tons.

A baker at West Branch, Mich., received a surprise the other day when he moved a large cake which he had baked some time before and left in the show window. He found the cake very light, and upon examining it discovered that a pair of enterprising mice had eaten all but the crust, and had then made their home within it, a family of little ones squeaking a questionable welcome to the baker as he rent their house in twain.

### INTROSPECTION.

BY SUSANNA J.

Come, gentle Night, for I am sad at heart,
With many fears bewildered and oppress:
My path, it seems, hath led me far apart
From glad contentment, once my welcome guest.

And in this hour of silence I would fain
Look back a while and learn what I have lost.
Where have I failed? What have I sought in vain?
What have I purchased at such heavy cost?

It is of earth, the weight that holds me back
The bars, the unseen fetters that compel
My thoughts to keep within a beaten track,
When they would seek "the fields of asphodel."

O'earth too are the empty dreams that make
My days so sad, repeated o'er and o'er.
Surely at last these troubled waves shall break
In sudden calm upon the further shore!

## "Hearts are Trumps."

BY A. G. R.

HARDEN HALL was a quaint, old, red-brick house, with jessamine and wistaria, roses, and Virginia creeper trailing and climbing from roof to basement, and surrounding the house with a belt of sweet odors, and with the soft hum of velvety bees. A cheery, sunny house, through the open windows of which might be caught peeps of bright, chints covered furniture, sunny landscapes in broad gilt frames, flowers in china stands upon the tables, flowers in wicker stands upon the floor before the mirrors, flowers, and always more flowers.

"A cheery place," was Mr. Butterby's comment when visitors waxed ecstatic over the beauties of the warm, comfortable house, and well-kept gardens. "A cheery place! Not picturesque—no, no; there is nothing picturesque here. I always say to Nellie, that's my niece, 'buy what you like, Nellie,' I say—'please yourself, but shun the picturesque; keep the place in order. I can't bear to see a place going to the dogs. Picturesque; indeed! No, no. Nothing picturesque for me." Æsthetically-minded visitors were apt to raise their eyebrows at this point. "And Nellie is a good girl. She never forgets my wishes, and she is always bright as a sunbeam."

Mr. Butterby was wont to grow warm when descanting on his niece's perfections, but when the niece appeared in sight, even the weary listener forgot his fatigue, and endorsed each word of praise.

Nellie Normanby was the only child of Mr. Butterby's dead sister, and had lived with her uncle ever since she was two years old.

Now, in her nineteenth year, she was a bright-haired, round-waisted girl, possessed of a good deal of straightforward commonsense, a good deal of dignity and resolution, and a good deal of willfulness. But, after all, these points were but so many side points in her character, and the main point, the leaven which leavened the whole lump, was a thoroughness which stamped each word and deed, and which left no doubt as to her ideas, her opinions, or her interests.

With her, sunshine was sunshine, bright, and joyous, and dancing; laughter was an act which blessed both him who laughed and him who heard; while the rare tears were the sign of mortification and grief passing the bounds of woman's endurance. It seldom happened that any one presumed on her good nature; but on those rare occasions she was apt to display a quiet gravity which crushed the offender.

And then, perhaps, that astounded sinner would go away, and speak of her as being haughty and disagreeable! with those sensitive lips, and that impulsive, loving heart. No, indeed. Proud she might be, but uncivilly disagreeable, never.

She had no memories of the father and the mother who lay side by side on the sunny slope of the old churchyard. As soon as she was old enough to understand her loss, she undertook the charge of the narrow flower borders round their graves; but she was a healthy-minded girl, whose religion was devoid of poetry, and she did not mourn a loss which she did not feel.

And being also one of those bright, active girls who not only like to manage their own affairs, but who consider that they manage them extremely well, she and Uncle Sam soon learnt each other's ways and views, and lived out the years together in unbroken harmony.

Mr. Butterby, too, was a happy-minded individual, not given to fretting anxious thought for the morrow.

He knew that his niece would "come into" two thousand a year on her twenty-first birthday, and he intended to make further provisions for her at his death. So her future was assured; and the only matter still undecided, the name for which she would change her own.

Well! Mr. Butterby was a wise man, and after much meditation on the subject, he said aloud, to his reflections in the shaving glass: "If that young woman cannot choose for herself, at least it is pretty certain that no one else can choose for her."

But, for all his philosophy, he was, as he was wont to observe to himself, "by no means such an old fool as some young fools considered him;" and he took uncommonly good care that none of the ne'er do-weels of the county should set foot inside Harden Hall. His jewel should not be stolen if a surly watch dog could ensure its safety.

Giles Grimshawe was one of his betes noirs a plausible young fellow, whose handsome face and winning ways caused Mr. Butterby to draw himself up, and to stiffen as if he had swallowed a poker.

Giles Grimshawe was well aware of this poker swallowing, and he swore that he would "make Old Sam look alive," but, in spite of feints and strategies, endless and well planned, he had not yet penetrated into the treasure house.

And Old Sam said with a chuckle, that "Some of the old fools could beat the young knaves yet;" also, that he had not slaved all his young days among the coal pits in order that a graceless Grimshawe might squander his money upon race courses. "I may be a self made man," he said, "but at least I am an honest one; whereas, who ever saw a Grimshawe that understood the force of the eight commandment?"

Giles Grimshawe's cousin, the Honorable Jim, also made up his noble mind to throw the handkerchief to the pretty heiress, and was not a little amazed to find that she simply did not understand his long-winded compliments, and appeared utterly indifferent in his presence.

Indeed, it once happened that, after paying a somewhat lengthy afternoon call, he overheard Nellie sigh deeply—he was detained for a moment in the hall, and the drawing room door had not been firmly closed—and then exclaim, in the words of the weary turnspit: "Even the biggest leg of mutton must get done in time! but oh, Uncle Sam, what a big leg of mutton this has been!"

The Honorable Jim was sorely exercised when he reflected on this little speech during his homeward ride.

However, beside these and other suitors, eligible and uneligible, there was one who during the past month, had come frequently to the Hall, and who, by his courtesy and tact, had completely won Mr. Butterby's heart, though it is needless to say that is not the heart, the search for which brought Roger Marlowe from Swedon Chase to Hardon, a matter of five miles as the crow flies, but a good nine miles by the road.

On unexpectedly coming into the property some two years previous to this date, he had given up the chambers he had used in his briefless barrister days, and, after settling affairs at the Chase and establishing a steward there, he had joined a friend on a trip to the Rockies, and, for upwards of two years, the neighborhood of Snowden knew him no more.

Of course, the tales that were circulated as to his doings were as countless as they were improbable.

Some said that he had been killed in an encounter with a grizzly; others, that he headed a mission to the South Seas; while others, again, spoke sadly of the fact that he had opened a saloon in San Francisco.

But all agreed to shake their heads at mention of his name, and to prophesy a speedy and evil end for the man who chose to live his own life independant of the opinion of others, and showed so clearly that he cared no straw for the gossip of Clayshire.

However simply and quietly a man may live at the other side of the world, still, while he is at the other side of the world, it is quite safe to slander him a little, and to hope—with a little quiet malice—that a compulsory diet of husks may prove some day to be wholesome and humbling.

Nellie devoured all these tales with interest and with a longing, that she could scarcely keep in check, to spring up and to applaud the prodigal.

The more she heard of him the more she longed for his return.

He must be so interesting she thought, so different from all the quiet humdrum squires and parsons among whom she passed her days.

And sometimes, when at afternoon tea with the Rector's sister, Lesbia Godalming, the latter lady would lift her hands in horror at the last bulletin, Nellie's eyes would dance with fun and mischief, as she said demurely:

"It's very sad to be so bad! Now ain't you glad you are not so bad? Never mind, Lesbia; when he comes home again, you and I will convert him. What fun it will be!"

At last he came home.

And the first time that Nellie met him, all brimming over with curiosity and expectation, she thought: "Oh, dear me! he doesn't look a bit wicked."

And all the sparkle died out of her eyes. It was a great disappointment.

However, the second time that they met—it was at an archery meeting—she somewhat altered her first opinion, and thought.

"Perhaps, after all, he is rather bad. I am so glad that I had on my new hat."

And, after their third meeting, when he took her into dinner at a neighboring house, she came home with soft, happy eyes, and a fixed resolve.

"Poor fellow! How sad he looked when he told me of his neglected childhood. Well, it only shows what noble character he must have, to be so nice in spite of all those early disadvantages. I am glad that he is coming to tea to-morrow afternoon, and then I will begin at once to convert him. No, I don't think that I will invite Lesbia, for she is so strict that she might alarm him at first. And the first step is of such great importance," added this small sage, wisely. And then she began to think should she order tea or coffee for this momentous interview.

Sir Roger came next day, and with some slight diffidence, Nellie began her work of conversion.

She was not quiet sure, in fact, she was very hazy, as to the nature of the terrible things that he must be converted from; but the words "A saloon in 'Frisco," sounded bad enough to cover any amount of possibilities.

And, at least, it was easy to tell the owner of an estate that it was his positive duty to live at home upon his estate, and to preserve the game, and to prosecute poachers. Nellie very nearly said "to prosecute the porchers," and the knowledge of this slip made her so hot and confused that she quite forgot to enumerate all the other duties of an English squire.

So that Sir Roger, whose face had hitherto been so perfect and grave a mask that it hinted at certain muscles kept sternly in check, now allowed these muscles to relax into a smile that was full of quiet humor.

And before Nellie recovered her composure, he turned the conversation into another grove; so that presently she found herself listening with rapt attention to the relations of the struggles of his boyhood and early manhood; to those days that he should have to carve his upward way with unflagging labor, upheld only by the determination that his life should not be ruined by expectant waiting for dead men's shoes.

How Nellie admired him! He talked on quietly, half musingly, with no intention of asking pity, but because her sympathy proved irresistible to him, and because it pleased him to watch the lights and shadows that came and went on her upturned face.

And more than once that curious instinct of comradeship proved too strong for her and she burst out, impulsively.

"Oh! I am sorry for you! How dreadful for you! How could you bear such hardships!"

Somehow, the conversation did not proceed any further that day; and when he left, after promising to ride over next day with some ferns, she quite forgot that he was a prodigal, and that society in Clayshire did not know how or where he had spent the last two years; quite forgot her role of monitress; said: "I hope you will come here again;" and she said it as if she meant it.

Sir Roger rode over the next morning to say that he feared he had lost the promised ferns. And, as it was a lovely summer morning, he and Nellie strolled about the garden, and indulged in a little more conversation and a great deal of chat.

And then the next morning he came again, to say that he had found the ferns, and that, perhaps, it would be well if he showed Miss Normanby how to plant them.

Miss Normanby had on a most becoming frock that morning; and she also thought that it would be well if Sir Roger were to show her how to plant the ferns.

By this time she had lost all her first feeling of shyness, and had almost forgotten that he was a prodigal. He was so extremely pleasant.

They wandered up and down the trim gravel paths, where never a weed dared to raise its unbidden self. They examined the sun-dial, and removed an infinitesimal tuft of moss from its face; they visited the kennels, where the live dogs yelped, and the graves where the dead dogs lay.

"Poor beasts!" said Roger.

"They were my friends," said Nellie.

"Then they had some luck," said Roger.

They picked up the fallen fir cones and arranged them in a pattern round the calceolaria bed. They dallied and dawdled in the September sunshine, discussing matters grave and gay, and disposing of each in turn with the satisfying conviction that their opinions were unassailable.

And one of them thought that life was sweet, and that the world was peopled with the great and good; that threescore years and ten were but a sunny stretch, undimmed by mist or shadow; also that an hour with a prodigal was worth a twelvemonth spent with other people.

And the other one thought—but no—Roger's thoughts were locked in his own bosom.

Perhaps, however, Nellie guessed their purport, for she suddenly grew very dignified and proposed a return to the house.

Mr. Butterby heard their voices as he sat at the library window, and he rumpled his hair and sighed with perplexity.

"He's come at last," he said, dismally, "he's come at last. Now I wonder if he is good enough for her."

Thus the ball was set rolling. At first it seemed as if its course was down a smooth, inclined plane, and so rapid was its progress that the conclave in the servant's hall—those lynx eyed judges of their superiors—had already decided the wedding would take place before Christmas, when suddenly there was a check, and Nellie thought that the sun of her life was eclipsed for ever and ever.

It happened thus: Nellie came down to breakfast on this particular Thursday morning, with her bright hair dressed, maybe, a thought more carefully than usual, and with a vast amount of bustling activity.

She had reason to suppose that Sir Roger would appear as usual about midday, and she intended, before his arrival to arrange afresh all the flowers in the fantastic china bowls; both in dining and drawing-rooms.

So she appeared at the breakfast table rather earlier than usual, and was ready when the postman arrived to unlock the letter-bag and distribute its contents.

There were two letters for herself upon various unimportant matters, and there was a third in a writing, which, by this time, she had learnt to know very well.

She opened it with dignified deliberation—have you ever seen a pretty girl at the instant when she opens her lover's letter? there is no prettier sight on earth—and read:

"SWEDON CHASE,
"Wednesday, September 2nd.

"DEAR MISS NORMANBY,—Will you and Mr. Butterby dine here on Friday evening at eight o'clock? My aunt Mrs. Colquhoun, and her daughter arrive that afternoon, and I am inviting a few friends to meet them. I hope to call at Harden to-morrow morning, but I send this note at once, as I should be sorry if meanwhile you formed any other engagement.

"I think that you will be interested to meet Mrs. Colquhoun, She has travelled a good deal, and is enthusiastic about ferns. Yours sincerely,

"ROGER MARLOWE."

Here Mr. Butterby appeared, and was told of the invitation.

"Of course you will send an acceptance," he said.

"Shall I? I think it is hardly necessary to do so, as he says that he is coming here this morning. But I will do as you wish. Sampson, tell Harding to saddle the pony. Or stay, I will write the answer now, and you can take it round to the stables. See that Harding starts without delay. There, that is finished. Now, uncle will you have another cup of coffee?"

Mr. Butterby finished his breakfast with less alacrity than usual, and retreated to the library with what was almost a dejected air.

"It is coming," he said to himself "There is no doubt about it. He is going to do it. And she will say yes. I am sure she will. She has bought more new finery in the last month than she had bought in the previous half year. Yes it is coming. And she'll say yes. Eh, dear! after enjoying Nellie's companionship all these years, it will be hard to live alone. There she is in the garden, with a rose-bud tucked in her belt. She's going to say yes. Eh, dear! there can be no doubt about it."

Meanwhile, the object of this soliloquy was very busy watering her pet plants, and picking such flowers as she needed for her china bowls.

She caught a glimpse of her uncle through the library windows, and waved her hand.

Then she wandered away to the veronica bushes, at the edge of the lawn, and a half-tamed squirrel sprang down from a fir, and followed her with short, swift runs and bounds, now stopping short with uplifted tail and eager, suspicious eyes, and now coquetting from bush to bush, advancing and receding, as the promptings of fear or greediness dictated; dashing into the sunlight as Nellie's offered bribe appeared more tempting, then running up some gnarled trunk, as suspicion again assailed him.

And Nellie, growing eager with the sport, flung aside her hat, and laughed, and continued her temptation with increasing zest.

The sunshine streamed through the branches upon her sunny hair; the bees flew and hummed among the veronica bushes, and a man who was crossing the lawn, paused involuntarily to feast his eyes upon the picture.

Suddenly she saw him standing there, and instantly bees and squirrels were alike forgotten; for had not he come again to see her, and was not a new glory added to the glories of this perfect September day? He came forward to meet her.

"Well," he said.

"Good morning," she said, lightly. She wondered why he looked so pale, and why he switched so nervously at the bushes with his riding-whip.

"Well!" he repeated.

"Oh, don't tap it my veronicas!" she cried hastily, as one of the blossoms fell to the ground.

"Never mind that rubbish," he said, hastily. "Nellie—Miss Normanby—do not trifle with me. What is your reply?" He bent forward, and gently took her hand.

"What on earth do you mean?" she asked, in half-amazement, half-alarm, for his manner bewildered her.

"Did you not receive a note from me this morning. I posted it yesterday."

His brow was crimson now, and he watched her face intently.

"Certainly; I sent Harding off with an answer about an hour ago."

"And—you—Nellie, Nellie, give me a favorable answer. Say yes, Nellie."

She shrank back a little, and looked at him with quite serious dignity.

"Certainly," she said, gravely, "I shall be very pleased——Sir Roger, what do you mean? Are you mad? Let me go!" for he had slipped his arm round her waist, and was kissing her, raining down passionate kisses on brow and cheek, until, with her disengaged hand she thrust him from her, and, with a dexterous movement, freed herself from his arm.

"But—Nellie——!"

"I'm not Nellie. How dare you call me Nellie? Are you mad?"

"But, Miss Normanby, if I am not to call you Nellie——"

"Don't speak to me," with a furious stamp. "Oh, you are the horridest man I have ever known! Why don't you go back to your South Seas and your grizzly bears? And I'll not come to your house to-morrow night. I won't. I said in my note that I would dine with you, but I won't. You horrid, unconverted man!"

An angry light stole into his eyes.

"But, Miss Normanby——"

"No; I won't listen to you. And I won't dine with you to-morrow. Dine with you! I would rather have my dinner on the door step than to sit at the same table with you."

"Then I will bid you good morning," he said, gravely. His lips were compressed and his eyes were hot and proud. He raised his hat stiffly and determinedly, with an assumption of leisurely indifference.

Presently she heard him mount his horse and gallop down the avenue. The color faded from her cheek, and, with lips apart and straining ears, she stood listening, listening, until the sounds of the horse's hoofs died away in the distance. And then she turned and took around her with pure ed, weary, piteous, eyes.

The squirrel ran along the branch at her head, and invited a renewal of their game; the bees hummed round her as before; but the glory of the day had fled; the sunlit path between the veronica bushes was no longer the high road to the earthly paradise.

Roger moderated his pace after a while; but it was some time before he could collect his thoughts. Seldom before had he been so worried; never had he met with such a rebuff.

He knew himself guiltless of any wish to offend, and the past scene perplexed even more than it angered him.

"Why did she fly out at me in that way?" he thought. "What on earth is at the bottom of it all?"

The more he thought of it, the greater grew his perplexity. Then his horse lost a shoe, and he led him to the village smithy.

"I will stroll on towards Sweedon," he said. "Tell Ruben to follow with Paragon as soon as the latter is shod."

Then he lit a cigar and walked slowly away till he had left the last cottage behind him, and arrived at the knoll, where stood the old Saxon church.

Here he paused, turned to look back upon the Hall the casket which held the coveted jewel; and he wondered afresh at the past scene and its unexpected results.

"I will think the matter over again," he thought. "First of all I write to her, and tell her that I love her as much as any man ever loved any woman. And I add that, if she will marry me, I will do my best to make her happy. I know I am not half good enough for her; but, still, I do think that she has treated me very badly this morning. Well, I posted this letter at the same time that I posted another note inviting her and old Butterby to dinner, to meet Mrs. Colquhoun. Surely she can't object to meet Aunt Laura. It is not as if she knew her already, I could quite understand any one objecting to meet that lady a second time; but Nellie has had no experience as yet with her tongue——Where was I? Oh, I posted both letters, and this morning I ride over to Harden to hear my fate. She receives me quite pleasantly, but as calmly as if I were in the habit of proposing to her every week. 'You got my note?' I ask. 'Certainly,' she says. 'And you will give me a favorable answer?' 'Certainly,' she says. Now, at this point, I had expected some little hesitation; but she spoke up as freely as if I had offered to peel and orange for her. Then I think—'Come it is my turn now!' and then—she flies at me, till I am completely dumfounded. What on earth am I to think of it at all? 'You horrid, unconverted man!' she said. Now what did she mean by that? I am not a Turk nor an Infidel——Hullo, Reuben, so you have managed to bring Paragon so far without a mishap!" The small boy grinned delightedly. "By the way how is your brother getting on? I mean your brother Jonas, the one who was underkeeper under Sir Thomas Roby's man?"

Reuben grinned from ear to ear.

"Jonas—he left Sir Thomas a year ago, sir. He could not stand Sir Thomas's tantrums, sir; so he got took on as postman You'd have seen him pass this way, sir, about this time, he's late this morning. He thought he'd left all the letters at the Hall as usual; so, after he had rested a bit, he picked up the other letters at Mrs. Hoggin's Post Office—her that keeps the bacon and candy shop, sir—and he was just about to tramp it back to Mivert n, when he ups and he says, 'Blest!' And Mrs. Hoggins, she says, 'Is it the colic?' And he says, 'No,' says he. 'It's not the colic; it's Miss Nellie's letter,' says he. 'Why, I left one letter at the Hall this morning for her,' twas addressed as plain as could be, and the postmark Sweedon. And now here's another for Miss Nellie in the same writing, and with the same postmark.' And then he was off to the Hall as hard as he could lay legs to the ground; for there's none of us but would be sorry to ill convenience Miss Nellie; and Jonas he were main put out to find he had not delivered the letter this morning with all the others. Yes, sir, Paragon he come along quiet enough, and he——Thank you, sir. Good day, sir."

So this was the reason of the explosion.

Roger leant against the churchyard wall, and whistled.

"So that was how the mistake arose. Well, she will have got my letter by this time. I wonder what she is doing, I think—I almost think I will ride over again this evening. Ah! just you wait a bit, pretty Miss Nellie. Won't I have my innings this evening."

Could Roger have been transported at that moment to the Hall, he would have seen a sight to overjoy an anchorite.

A girl down on her knees in the utter abandonment of grief, with a letter spread open before her upon a big arm-chair, now reading a line, and now indulging in a fresh burst of tears.

"So that was what he meant. Oh dear! and how could I know it? I thought he meant, did I accept his invitation to dinner. Why did that stupid postman overlook just that one letter? Oh dear! oh dear! And I flew into a passion. And he meant would I marry him, and did not know it. And he will never, never come near me again. And there is no one as nice as he is. And said that I would rather dine on the door-step than sit down at the same table with him, whereas, I would black his boots if he asked me to—I would! I wish I were dead."

* * * * * * *

When the gong sounded for luncheon, Mr. Butterby went as usual into the dining room expecting to find his niece in her place at the head of the table.

But five minutes passed, and, contrary to custom, she did not appear. Another five minutes passed.

The butler's face assumed an expression of serious displeasure; time honored habits of punctuality ought not thus to be broken. Then Mr. Butterby began to fidget.

"Send Nellie's maid to see what is the matter," he said; and Samson went off to report the unusual delay to the kitchen conclave. Presently the maid returned with the reply that Miss Nellie said she had a headache, and would Mr. Butterby excuse her from appearing at lunch.

Nellie with a headache!

Samson stood aghast for a minute, and then coughed a little, respectful, disbelieving sort of cough. An old family "treasure" knows a good deal, and is not easily imposed upon.

"It is impossible!" said Mr. Butterby. "Mrs. Nellie never has a headache. She has far too much common-sense to permit any such folly."

Still, his looks were not as assured as were his words; and he rumpled his hair as was his wont in moments of perplexity. And then he stole away upstairs to Nellie's door, and turned the handle softly.

The door was locked, and from within might be heard sounds of such woe that poor Uncle Sam grew pale with dismay. What had happened? Was it possible that she had accepted Roger, and that she was now wishing that she had not done so? He stooped down and spoke through the keyhole.

"Nellie," he said, "what is the matter, my pet?"

Back came the half choked answer:

"Oh, do go away, please."

He could hardly believe his ears. "This beats everything," he muttered; and he returned to his luncheon in greater perplexity than before.

At last Nellie ceased to cry, and rang the bell for the maid to fetch her a cup of tea.

She was worn out, and had arrived at that state of exhaustion when her only wish was to be left alone. Her head throbbed, and her eyes were swollen and half closed.

So the news that her uncle had persuaded a friend, Mr. Capel, to remain the night with them, was not news to delight her. As soon as her maid left the room, she crept to the glass to see what sort of spectacle she presented.

And perhaps, though she did not know it, it was a sign of returning vigor that she should be so much shocked at the object which met her gaze.

"What would Roger think if he saw me looking such a fright as this?" And then her lip quivered. "He would not care any longer. If I had a red nose for ever and ever, it would be all the same to him.

Presently an unusually meek-looking Miss Normanby left her room, and had there been any one present to notice her movements, that person would have been struck by the way in which she loitered in the dim corridors, and then hurried across the brilliantly-lighted hall.

What a long and dreary performance dinner seemed to her that evening, and how thankful she felt when at last she could escape from her uncle's pitying glances, and from Mr. Capel's anecdotes and witticisms.

Even in the drawing room she could find no moment in which to rest and enjoy the luxury of a "miserable think," for the Rector and his sister arrived almost immediately, and Nellie was obliged to make one at the whist table.

She asked her uncle to play with Lesbia against Mr. Capel and the Rector. But Mr. Butterby would not hear of this. He murmured confidentially to Lesbia:

"The child needs cheering up."

Whereupon, that tactless, unselfish woman instantly declared that she did not want to play that evening, and begged to be excused. So Nellie was forced into the game.

Mr. Capel was a member of a whist-club, and prided his self considerably upon his play. He would sooner, any day, lose his dinner than lose his rubber.

Therefore his disgust was very great to find that Nellie—"that young girl"—was to be their fourth; and this disgust was not lessened by his host saying:

"Wait a bit, Capel. Don't cut for partners. That's not the way we do here. Nellie and I always play together. Old partners, arn't we Nellie?"

Mr. Capel's disgust might have vanished, and he might even have relished the game, for the Rector was a reliable partner. But he had not bargained for whist according to his host's notions.

Mr. Butterby said that a game was something intended both to interest and to amuse, therefore silence was unnecessary. He also said that he liked to play in his own way. And this was his way.

"Got a better hand, this time, Nellie?" he would say. "Pon my word, I don't think it is worth while for me to play at all, this deal; such a lot of diamonds as I have and not a court card among them all."

The Rector and Lesbia were accustomed to this sort of remarks; but Mr. Capel snorted with rage,

"Surely, Butterby," he said, "you do not wish us all to know what you have in your hand?"

"Eh! what?" said the unconscious sinner. "I don't think it matters. Just look there—what! I won't show you, if you would rather not see them. Still, you know, it is an uncommon thing to have three knaves and—all right! all right! I won't say any more if you would rather not hear. Nellie, you begin."

There was silence for a few minutes. Then Mr. Capel said in an aggravated tone:

"Surely, Butterby—I beg your pardon—but I think you have revoked."

"Have I? Really? Don't stop for that. It doesn't matter this time."

Mr. Capel leant back resignedly in his chair.

At any other time, Nellie would have enjoyed adding to his aggravation, and would have humored her uncle's whims, but, to night, she was too depressed, to be amused, and she played so carelessly that even the Rector remarked upon it.

Lesbia, too, watched her with some anxiety, and while, apparently, engrossed in her embroidery, cast many a glance at the little wan face, which grew still more wan as the hours passed.

Suddenly, irrepressible Mr. Butterby burst out again:

"I have got a much better hand, this time. Three aces, a king, and three, four, five—eh! did you speak?"

But by this time his guest was dumb with rage.

Lesbia bent over her work and tried to conceal her amusement. And Nellie whose thoughts were far away, continued her aimless play, when there was a ring at the front door bell—her hands grew cold and her face crimson—footsteps in the hall—her hands were shaking now, and her face had grown pitiably white gain.

She heard her uncle and Mr. Capel wrangling over some point in the game—the footsteps approached the door—who was the butler speaking to in the corridor?—the door opened and some one came up the room until he stood behind her uncle, and opposite to herself. She heard Mr. Capel's slow reiterate:

"Surely, Butterby——"

And her uncle's triumphant rejoinder:

"I told you so, Capel. I told you so. Hearts are Trumps."

She heard Roger's quiet tones:

"Yes. Hearts are Trumps."

And she looked up to find his eyes fixed upon her.

"Lesbia!" she cried. "Take my place; I am tired. I cannot play any longer." Without waiting for an answer, she sprang up and rushed from the room. Where should she go? where hide herself? she did not care. Anywhere, to be alone. The drawing-room was open, and she dashed in then, fancying that she heard pursuing footsteps, she opened the window and stepped out upon the lawn.

The moonlight flooded the open spaces, while, like a dark belt, the firs and beeches encircled the lawn, with massive blackness. From meadow and paddock arose the shrill chirrup of countless grasshoppers; and on every side, from bush and flower, there floated forth the sweet and heavy scents of night.

She stole on tiptoe across the lawn. The cool air refreshed her, and the stillness of the night filled her with a sense of rest that was not unmixed with wonder.

Presently the drawing room window was again flung open. She shrank into the shade of a fir. But although love is said to be blind, Roger could, see what he wished to see, and a few quick strides brought him to her side.

She raised her hand with a little quivering, imploring gesture, and then buried her face in them.

"Nellie," he said, "are you angry that I have come back again?"

She shook her head vehemently, but made no reply. He drew a step nearer.

"Are you going to send me away again, as you sent me away this morning?"

"No—o," her tone was so low that he could scarcely hear the word.

"Nellie," his arm crept round her waist, "Nellie, my darling! only one more question—and—don't say 'No' to this one, Nellie."

"Roger," she said, shyly; "will you always be kind to me? always good to me?"

"I will do my best," he answered, gravely. "A man can do no more than his best." Then a smile stole into his eyes, and he added: Perhaps I had better say one thing now. And that is, that, even if we don't always quite agree, still I cannot possibly allow my wife to dine on the door-step."

And Nellie said: "O—oh! Roger!"

## Hasty Marriage.

BY A. C S.

JOHN GREGORY was a substantial business man, well-known on 'Change some twenty years since. Although well to-do, and abundantly able to support a wife, forty-eight years had elapsed, and still he was a bachelor. To tell the truth there was very little romance about John Gregory, and if he ever did marry, probably money would have more to do with determining his choice than any softer sentiment.

So John Gregory, avoiding the matrimonial snares which were laid for him by enterprising matrons with large families of daughters to dispose of, lived quietly in a modest house, for which he had been fortunate enough to secure a capable housekeeper who understood his peculiar tastes.

Janet Campbell—this was the name of the housekeeper—was of Scottish birth and lineage, but had been brought to London, while yet a child, by her father, who fancied that he could succeed better in building up a fortune in the metropolis than in his own country.

Apart from the fact that Janet's parents were dead, and that she, their only child, after various mutations, had found herself, at thirty-five, in her present post, which she had now held for eight years, there is nothing especial to tell.

Those readers who are good at figures will find no difficulty in computing from the data given that she had now attained the age of forty-three.

Janet was not handsome. She never had been, for that matter. Neither was she particularly the reverse. She had a plain Scottish face, with a shrewd twinkle of the eye, perhaps, that evinced her worldly wisdom, and she was scrupulously neat in her person and attire, though very little accustomed to making display in the latter.

But Janet was a model housekeeper. No one knew better than she how to prepare the codes for her master's taste; no one understood better just how brown the toast should be; no one could better determine just how much to broil the ham for breakfast.

So Mr. John Gregory, who had a keen appreciation of good living (in a plain way) and of real, genuine comfort, felt that his housekeeper was a treasure to him, and even an unprecedented fall in the price of stocks could scarcely have occasioned him any greater consternation than the intelligence that Janet intended to leave him. However, Janet had no intentions of the kind.

She knew when she was well off, and she might have sought long before she could have found more comfortable quarters, or a place more to her liking than was provided by her present employer. But a circumstance occurred which, in the short space of twenty-four hours, changed the relations which existed between the two.

This was the way it happened:—One morning after completing his morning repast, Mr. Gregory took his stick from behind the door and went to his office. Here, as was his custom, he paid his first attention to the paper, which his office boy had laid on his desk ready for perusal.

First despatching the leader, which

proved to be a grave essay on the state of our foreign relations, and then passing on to the other editorial matter, he at length turned to the advertisements, to which, as a business man, he regularly paid his attention.

While glancing over these, he came at length to one which he had first read carelessly, then with an air of attention, and finally, laying down the paper, pushed up his spectacles and exclaimed—

"Bless my soul! Well, this is singular!"

Supposing that the reader may feel a little curious to know what it was that Mr. Gregory considered so singular, we will take the liberty of glancing over the paper which he had just laid down, and read the advertisement. It ran as follows:—

"INFORMATION WANTED of Janet Campbell, who came from Scotland in the year 1810. If she is living, and this notice should meet her eye, she will find something very much to her advantage by calling on Mr. John Brief, Solicitor, Court Street, London."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated John Gregory. "Well this is singular! To think of it being my house keeper, too. I've heard of such things before, but it never came home to me, as I may say, until now. I wonder, now, how much money she is likely to receive, for, of course, it is money. Very much to her advantage'—that's what the notice says. I declare I've a good mind to go and see this Mr. Brief. Janet has not seen it, and I may be in some sense considered to be her representative."

Acting upon this determination, Mr. Gregory took his hat and stick, and with more than this usual alacrity turned his steps in the direction of Court Street. He soon found himself in the office of Mr. Brief.

A small dapper man turned upon him an inquiring look.

"Mr. Brief?" said John Gregory, interrogatively.

"The same," responded the little man.

"If I mistake not, you are the one who is referred to in an advertisement in this morning's paper—"

"In the matter of Janet Campbell?"

"Yes,"

"Can you give me any information about her?" inquired Brief, with sudden interest.

"I think so," answered Gregory cautiously.

"Think so! Don't you know so? Excuse my mode of speaking, but you are aware that we require something definite."

Then sir," said the visitor, "I may say unequivocally and positively that I know where Janet Campbell is to be found."

"Then you will have the goodness to inform me."

"Yes; but not to-day. Two days hence I will bring the person herself here. Meanwhile, as I appear as her representative, I shall be glad to know of what nature the advantage you speak of is."

"I will tell you," answered Brief, apparently satisfied of the good faith of his visitor.

"You will agree that I haven't exaggerated the character of the advantage, when I tell you that it is in the form of and amounts to ten thousand pounds."

"Ten thousand pounds!" repeated Gregory, hardly believing his ears.

"Yes; ten thousand pounds."

"But how did it come about? Who left the money, and how did you happen to be connected with the affair?"

"As far as I can understand, this was the way it occurred:—An uncle of Janet, by name Robert, wandered off to the East Indies, and their, happning to turn to a profitable occupation, continued to accumulate the sum mentioned. He returned to Scotland, but, being of an irritable disposition, managed to get out with his relatives at home, and in a fit of pique, probably, made a will devising his property to his niece, Janet. He soon afterwards died, and the will came in force. The business of finding out the heiress, who was known to be, or to have been, in London, was intrusted to me. In order the better to succeed, I caused the advertisement which attracted your notice to be inserted in the papers. That is all I know about the matter.

"I am much obliged to you sir for your information," said John Gregory. "In regard to the finding of the person you have advertised for, you may set your mind entirely at rest. On the day after to-morrow I will call with her in person."

So saying, Mr. Gregory bowed, and left the office.

"Ten thousand pounds! Ten thousand pounds!" he muttered to himself. "Who would have thought that Janet would ever be so rich? I suppose that she won't be willing to remain as my housekeeper any longer. Can't blame her. Wouldn't if I were she. But how am I going to get along without her? Nobody knows exactly how to suit me in every respect as she does."

John Gregory walked on awhile in thoughtful silence.

"Ten thousand pounds is a good deal of money," thought he. "I wonder what she'll do with it? It would be a good deal of service to me. With the help of it I could increase my business."

John Gregory thought awhile longer, and a new and happy idea flashed upon him.

"There is one way of accomplishing both these desirable objects—retaining Janet in my family and obtaining possession of this money—and that is, to marry her."

John was at first quite startled at this thought, but the longer he harbored it the more reasonable it seemed.

"To be sure, she isn't handsome, nor is she very young, for that matter. However, she must be some few years younger than myself, and when a man reaches forty-eight, he can't afford to be very particular on that point. Yes, yes! I'm half determined—yes; I will propose, and that without waste of time."

John Gregory went home to dinner a little earlier than usual.

It so happened that Janet, for a wonder, had not succeeded so well as usual with her dinner, and this, knowing as she did, how particular he was, made her feel a little nervous and fidgety. However, to her surprise, he ate his dinner without appearing to remark that anything was out of the way. He seemed unusually abstracted, as if he were intently thinking of something. At length he said, abruptly—

"Janet, did you come to London in the year 1810?"

"Yes, sir," answered Janet, in surprise.

"But how did you know?"

"I believe you told me once, Janet."

Another silence.

"How long have you been with me, Janet?"

"Eight years, sir."

"You have been very faithful. I have been very well satisfied with your services."

"I am sure I am glad of it, sir," said Janet, in increased surprise. "I am sorry the dinner isn't better cooked to-day, but things seemed to work contrary."

"The dinner is excellent," said John Gregory. "It couldn't be better."

"Well, I declare," thought Janet; "I wonder what's come over him. I expected a scolding."

"I hope you'll always stay with me, Janet."

"I'm sure, sir," said the astonished housekeeper," I shall be happy to do so; that is, if you are satisfied with me."

"Satisfied with you! Perfectly! But it is not as a housekeeper that I wish you to remain with me."

"Not as a housekeeper!" ejaculated Janet. "I am sure," thought she, "I don't know what's come over Mr. Gregory. He does not appear at all as he usually does."

"No, Janet; not as a housekeeper. You have served me so well in that capacity that I am convinced you would make an admirable wife."

"Oh! Mr. Gregory!" exclaimed the housekeeper, blushing.

"You will not be so cruel as to refuse me?"

"But you are only joking, sir."

"Joking! I was never more serious."

"I have always thought a great deal of you, Mr. Gregory," said the spinster, hesitating; "and if you desire it very much, I —I don't know that I have any objection."

The enraptured Gregory jumped to his feet, and, crossing to the opposite side of the table, imprinted a chaste salute upon the faded cheek of the staid spinster.

"You shouldn't do so, Mr. Gregory," said she, with a faint scream.

"Why shouldn't I, as long as we are going to be married? But I say, Janet, will you be ready to have the ceremony performed to morrow?"

"To morrow!" repeated Janet, startled by his precipitancy. "I haven't got anything suitable to wear. It will take at least three weeks to get ready."

"No such thing," said Gregory, promptly. "Just put on the best dress you have got. That will do well enough. As for the finery, which, I suppose, it's natural enough for a woman to want, you shall have as much of that as you want after marriage."

"But—"

"I won't hear any buts," said Gregory, decisively. "Say yes or no. Will you be ready to be married to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Janet, who had been so much in the habit of obeying Mr. Gregory, as her employer, that she did not realize the different relation he was about to hold her.

"I shall, of course, prefer to have a private ceremony, without any unnecessary parade."

This suited Janet also. So the next day the ceremony was performed by special licence, and Janet Campbell became Mrs. John Gregory,

* * * * * * *

It was on the morning succeeding the marriage. Mr. Gregory, having despatched his first cup of coffee, remarked, "By the way, Janet, I find something in the paper that concerns you."

"Concerns me?"

"Yes;" and he read aloud the advertisement with which the reader is familiar.

"There, Janet, what do you say to that? There's a windfall for you. Ten thousand pounds!"

"It doesn't mean me!" said Janet, composedly.

"Doesn't mean you?" exclaimed her husband, in dismay. "Isn't your name Janet Campbell, and didn't you come from Scotland in 1810?"

"Yes;" said Janet, but there was another Janet came over at the same time, a very distant relative of mine. She is the one meant in the advertisement."

"Are you quiet sure?" inquired John Gregory, in great uneasiness. "Didn't you have an Uncle Robert?"

"I never had any uncle at all. She had an uncle however."

On visiting Mr. Brief, John Gregory found it was too true. The true Janet Campbell had called upon him and established her claims. He had married the wrong one.

Mr. Gregory was at first intensely disappointed, but time reconciled him to the step he could not recall.

Janet made him a good wife, though not a brilliant one, and, if there was not much sentiment about the marriage, there was a good deal of quiet comfort and happiness. On the whole, John Gregory does not regret marrying his housekeeper.

THE STEAMER OF THE FUTURE.—She will be over a quarter of a mile in length and will do the passage from Sandy Hook to Liverpool in thirty-six hours, being one night out, says once a week. She will be driven by electricity, and in such a fashion as to keep railway time, despite of storm or fog. Passengers can be secured by flash photo, "Edison's patent," and the ticket will include an opera stall, or a concert ticket, or a seat in a church pew—the opera house, concert hall and church being all on board.

A covered ring for horse exercise will also be provided, and racing track for fast trotters.

A base ball ground and tennis courts will also form a portion of the attractions. For business men a stock exchange will be operated, the quotations being posted from the tickers every two minutes on the vibration system.

The leading papers of all countries will be reprinted each morning by the electric reflection system.

A spacious conservatory containing the choicest flowers of all climates, will afford an agreeable lounging place, and bouquets will be provided gratis.

As at Monaco and Monte Carlo, a suite of apartments will be laid out for play, to be kept open all night—sumptuous supper with choicest wines free. English tailors and shoemakers will be in attendance, and clothes will be made and finished during the passage.

The millinery department will contain the French fashions of the previous day, and costumes will be confectioned while the ship is enroute, and delivered complete on arrival at dock.

STOCKINGS AND SHOES.—The best fitting shoes that one can procure is a ill fail to preserve the feet in healthy condition without healthful stockings, observes the Shoe and Leather Reporter. The pained feet often seek relief in thinner stockings, regardless of seasons or weather. This practice in winter is to be deprecated, except in the house, where an equable temperature is maintained. The change, even temporarily, from woolen to cotton is still more dangerous to health. Better put on larger shoes than take this risk. Caution should be used in choice of colors, in order to avoid blood poisoning.

The best quality of those dyed in the thread are not very apt to part with their colors on the feet. In the cheap grades, neutral tints are safest, such as the grays. Reds, greens and purples had better be eschewed. A safe plan with all the cheap grades of socks is to have them thoroughly washed before wearing them at all.

In a hygienic sense shoes are more perfectly adapted to the wants of the feet than leg boots. There are occasions and situations in which the latter are preferable, but as leather is so nearly non porous as to permit of but a limited escape of moisture, the smaller the area of the body covered by it the better it is for the person. For persons who walk much on paved streets the shoe is the thing.

TREAT OLD PEOPLE WELL.—There is nothing in the world more pathetic than the meek, timorous, shrinking ways of certain old people—we have all seen them—who have given up their old homes into younger hands, and subsided into some out-of-the way corner of it, to sit by the fireside and table henceforth as if afraid of "making trouble," afraid of being "in the way," afraid of accepting half that is their due, and going down to their graves with a pitiful, deprecating air as if constantly apologizing for staying so long.

There is no scorn too deep and sharp for the sons and daughters who will accept this attitude on the part of those to whom they owe so much. Sometimes, to be sure, people grow old with a bad grace. They become embittered by misfortune or affliction, or are peevish or unreasonable under the goad of ill-health. All the more do they appeal to great gentleness and faithfulness.

Let it be borne in mind that we, too, are hastening on toward the sunset of life, and that we may ripen into very uncomfortable old people, to demand much more of patience and devotion than we, as children, yield them.

COULDN'T STOP.—One year ago the Michigan Central freight depot was destroyed by fire. In the office of the depot was an ordinary eight-day clock, bearing the name of a local jeweller. The firemen turned the hose onto the clock, name and all, and left it totally ruined. It cold weather. The next morning Superintendent Bush went to the ruins to ascertain the extent of the loss. He entered the wrecked office, and there hung the clock embedded in a solid frame of ice, its hands, face and feet wholly obscured by the hanging icicles and the murky frame of crystal. He thought he could detect a ticking, and, upon going nearer to the mass of discolored ice, discovered that the old clock was working along just as if nothing had happened. The clock was rescued from its chilly position, thawed out and placed in warmer quarters. A few days ago Mr. Bush had the sturdy timepiece placed in his private office, where it will remain until something chillier than ice stops it. It shows the effect of its experience in the numerous cracks and blisters on the case and the warped condition of the dial.

Send a little and to the purpose, and you will pass for munificent.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A terrier dog and a large cobra snake were the unevenly matched principals in a fight described in the Rangoon *Journal*. The snake began hostilities. It darted at the dog, while was playing about his owner's grounds, but missed its aim. The dog thereupon grasped the reptile by the head and ran off home with it, terribly frightening the people there. The dog then commenced shaking the snake, during which operation he released his hold only to get a second grip, but this time he unfortunately caught it below the head, thus giving the snake a chance to give him a bite on the lower lip. This so infuriated the dog that he tightened his grip and severed the snake in two. The snake's bite, however, did its work, for the brave little dog frothed from the mouth and died in a few minutes.

A New York writer, who attended a "blow out" of the Japanese Club there, afterwards writing about it, said: I was interested in the difference in etiquette between Japan and the Occident. Though there were a hundred or more present, the rooms were as silent almost as if they were deserted. Every one talked in whispers to every one else. The refreshments were served by waiters who were silence embodied, and every Oriental who did anything, said anything or heard anything expressed his pleasure by bowing from once to three times, until the American eye was weary with the excessive courtesy. They even go so far that when a person reading a newspaper turns it so as to make a noise, he makes a bow of apology to all within earshot, and all who hear the sound or see the bow, bow in return, as it to say, "Do not mention it."

Some nine years ago, when the Senatorial deadlock occurred at Albany, an Assemblyman named Bradley arose in his place and handed $2,000, which, he said, had been given to him the night before as bribery money by a fellow-Republican, Loren B. Sessions. Sessions was tried on an indictment for bribery, and was acquitted under circumstances which showed that the jury believed some of Bradley's friends had given the money to him so that he could inveigle Sessions into a conversation and subsequently make the charge against him. The money was handed over to the County Treasurer of Albany county. It has just been given to the Albany City Hospital in trust, the condition of the trust being that the hospital shall pay it either to Bradley or to Sessions, if either of them ever proves his right to it. It is probable that neither of them nor any of their heirs will ever lay claim to the money. It has been placed where it will do the most good.

Illustrative of the deadness of rural New England villages, the following from Windham, an old village in the eastern part of Connecticut, is going the rounds of the press of that State: The population of this village, the scene of the Windham frog fears, is less now than it has been the past 150 years. As there is no business done here of any account, the young men who have a particle of ambition for business go to other places to get a living. The old people are fast disappearing, and the place now has the appearance of a nearly deserted village. There are 11 unoccupied tenements here. From Brick Top on the north to Lander's Corner on South Main street, and from George Lanthrop's on West street to Mrs. Moulton's on East street, and to Rufus Huntington's, on the Ballyhack road, the population, including men, women and children, will not vary much from 242. Included in that number are 20 widows and four widowers. There is not a mechanic of any kind that has a shop for doing business, where formerly nearly all the common branches of industry were represented.

The gateman at the depot is taken by a great many travelers to be an encyclopedia of general information concerning individuals who have or will pass through the station. Volumes of idiotic questions pour into his ear daily, and the miracle is that he has lived to grow old in service. The other day a lady rushed up to him and breathlessly inquired if he had seen a short lady with a black feather on her hat pass out. Now it stands to reason that most certainly a gateman punching the tickets of about a hundred struggling tourists would have to notice a diminutive female with a black feather on her hat. The questioner, however, departed in wrath because the gateman's optics had not noticed the ultra-prominent characteristics of the individual sought for. One night a gentleman hurried up to the keeper of the gate and said: "I want you to do something for me. Here is a letter. On the next train will be a young man. He will have on a chinchilla overcoat. His hair will be curly. His mustache black, and he will wear a high silk hat. Please give this letter to him. I can't miss him. Much obliged," and he walked off and left the gateman looking after his retreating form. "Let's see," mused the gateman. "Black chinchilla whiskers; curly hat, high overcoat and silk mustache. Can't miss him. I guess I'll find him all right." A bystander laughed, for his soliloquy was audible, but the gateman went on musing.

PHOTOGRAPHY. YOU SHOULD [illegible] (Cass in grammar) "with the sentence, 'I [illegible] poor misguided [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

# Our Young Folks.

THE CONJURER.

It was [illegible] very busy [illegible] the dining-room at the back of the house one holiday afternoon. It was an untidy room, full of old trunks, boxes, and books, and one of these books was his own school's name written at the top in a [illegible] Latin hand, with a [illegible] sign.

He discovered [illegible] that when he went [illegible] covered with dust and spiders, so carried it with him as far as his own room, and put it there on the little shelf where he kept his holiday books.

"Don't tell my father that I found it," he said, "until I am quite accomplished, and then won't I give him a surprise!"

A little later Dick felt that he could not exist unless he was able to buy some little things, such as elastic and cobbler's wax, and also to pay a visit either to a chemist's or a toy shop. So he got rid of the dust and spiders, put on his cap, and went out.

Little Lily Willis was looking through the gap in the hedge from the next garden.

"Dick!" she called to him. "I've got something to tell you. Such fun! I am going to have a birthday party."

"All right! That's jolly!" said Dick. "But, I say, don't have dancing—it's no good, and it takes up all the time."

"Oh! dancing is ever so nice," said the girl.

"The girls always say that," said Dick. "Let them dance, and the other fellows and I can have games."

"Oh, no! that would never do," cried Lily; and they were trying to settle this difficult question through the gap in the hedge when Lily's mother appeared under the porch with a stamped letter in her hand.

"Lily dear," she called, "ask Dick to post this letter for me. Your father wrote it this morning, and forgot to take it to the post."

Curly-haired Dick took off his cap for Mrs. Willis, and came through the gap in the hedge for the letter, and said he would post it with pleasure.

And Mrs. Willis thought what a very nice boy Dick North was. But then she did know what was to become of that important letter.

It was directed to Blanco and Sons.

"The people that sell the conjuring tricks," thought Dick, as he went down the road. "What can Mr. Willis want from Blanco's? Now, suppose I go and hand it in, and see that grand shop, it will be just exactly the same thing as sending it by post; or, it will go quicker."

There was not a place in the town that was a finer sight than Blanco's to a boy. From that wonderful shop conjurers and Punch and Judy were hired out for parties. Apparatus for the newest tricks was always to be had there.

Moving toys were jerking away, cobblers sewing, and fiddlers playing, in glass-covered boxes standing up in the window. Boats were inside on the shelves, ready to sail on the blue seas, in their boxes.

Mice were wound up on the counter, and a customer fortunate enough to come at the right moment might see a doll walk or an engine go rattling across the floor.

With this letter in his pocket Dick went boldly in, and took advantage of his business to price everything, and to expend something on a new puzzle with iron rings.

He was so much amused by the performance of a dancing toy-pig, and so intent on the puzzle he had bought, that he quite forgot the letter in his pocket, and went out of Mr. Blanco's perfectly satisfied, whistling "I'd [illegible] the weasel."

As he walked along the High Street he began to think of his cousin Lily Willis's birthday party, and he spent his last penny at a confectioner's, buying a box of gilded crackers containing paper caps and hats.

"That will please Lily," he said to himself. "I will give it to her for a birthday present, and it will do splendidly for the party." So there must have been something generous about Dick, though he was very thoughtless, very thoughtless indeed! For the letter for Blanco and Sons dropped on the floor when he was taking the rings out of his pocket, and the little dog Prince took and worried it all round the room. And Master Dick had not the slightest idea what the dog was making such a fuss about. He had utterly forgotten that letter in his possession during [illegible]

Lily Willis had a kind friend in her next door neighbor Dick. It was he who mended her dolls, and [illegible] to make toffee, and how to get at it without burning her fingers too.

In return, she allowed [illegible] his tools and kept his [illegible] dog in collars of blue or red ribbons.

She went through the gap in the hedge and wrote the invitations for her party at Dick North's house that evening, and the [illegible] Prince sat watching her.

Oh, if some fairy could have come and told what the thoughtless boy and the naughty little dog had done! But, alas! there are no fairies, except in pretty tales, and Dick North and Prince had no idea of the contents of that lost letter to Blanco and Sons.

"My dear Lily," said her father to her that night, "I have provided a nice entertainment for your party. I have written to Blanco to send us a conjurer."

"Oh, what fun! You dear good papa!" cried Lily, in high delight.

And, of course, the very next day she told the news to Dick through the gap in the hedge. Then Dick thought of the letter, but he was afraid to say a word. He turned out his pockets, he searched for it in vain; and, as people say, his heart went down into his shoes.

Dick North began to spend all his spare time up at the top of the house, and sometimes there were the most startling noises upstairs.

"Oh, dear! what's that? What's that?" Mrs. North would say, when a sudden crash resounded above. If Mr. North was in he might call from the staircase, "Come down, Dick! What are you doing up there?"

Dick would come gently down—a pleasant-looking boy, with his bright hair and merry smile—and he would say in the sweetest tone of apology, "I—I—am sorry the chair tumbled."

In fact, the look and the tone were so quiet and pleasant that nobody could be angry; and yet it was strange that in Dick's own room, where he had only two chairs, there should be always one of them tumbling, while downstairs, where there were a great many, he never knocked one over.

But this was not the only mysterious thing connected with Master Dick.

One day there was a crash of glass at the top of the house. The offender was sent for, and came down slowly.

"Now, sir; what are you doing?" asked his father sharply.

"I—," said Dick meekly, "I was just doing my teeth, sir."

"And tell me," said his father, "which was the noise supposed to be, the breaking of your teeth, or of the tumbler?"

"The tumbler," said the boy readily. "I happened to be holding it upside down."

This simple explanation brought a sudden smile to Mr. North's face, and after the smile Dick had the best of it, and he could say no more.

There were other strange things about Dick, too. He was becoming nervous and silent, and looked anxious; and he was seen at the garden gate having a long conversation with Tommy Chocks, the boy who brought the newspapers.

The evening of Lily's party came. The little hostess was dressed in white, with a sash, and stood near the drawing-room door as she welcomed her guests when they came upstairs.

Dick North came too, in a sailor suit with a square collar. He was shy and quiet. Arriving at the same time as the Bloomsbury from round the corner, he went up with the girls.

"Come along," said Mary Holton on the stairs. "What are you thinking of? Don't you like parties? Have you forgotten something?"

Dick said, "Oh! I'm all right. I did forget something."

"Then go back for it," said Mary.

"It's too late," said Dick. "Never mind it; it was days ago. Come along up; it is all right."

Everyone noticed that Dick was absent minded and uneasy in the shy half-hour in the drawing-room before they all went down to tea.

At tea he could not eat. When Mrs. Willis asked him what was the matter, he said, "No thank you," with a dreamy idea that she was speaking about muffins.

After tea he disappeared. The drawing-room window was found open, and there he was, outside on the balcony, wearing a large straw hat and an overcoat, and looking up at the moon.

Mrs. Willis kindly went out to call him. "No thank you," he said; "I am looking at the man in the moon."

"But, my dear boy, there will be a conjurer here in a few moments."

"No, thank you," he said; "I would rather see the man in the moon."

What a strange boy Dick North had become! It was generally believed that he was in the sulks, because dancing had begun, and he did not like it. However, the dance and the music ceased suddenly, for there was a loud knock at the door. The conjurer had come.

Everyone was surprised, and some of the children were frightened in his appearance. He was a rather short and stumpy negro; at least, his face and hands were black, and his hair was black and woolly.

No, doubt, Mr. Willis thought, they knew at Blanco's better than he did how a conjurer ought to be got up.

This one was dressed in yellow damask with a silken gloss; not, indeed, that he had a yellow coat; his garment was twisted round and round him, and hanging over his shoulder like the togo of the old Roman, which one sometimes sees represented in statues.

He wore red stockings, and he had red sleeves, which fitted to his arms as tightly as if they were stockings too, without the feet. His hands were as black as his face, and he had no hat. It was wonderful how he had been able to come down the road without being followed by all the children of the town.

The conjurer in yellow was welcomed with laughter and delight, and with a little fear, which soon wore off. The children were seated in rows, and then his performance began.

Mrs. Willis was so sorry that Dick should be sulking and losing all the fun that she opened the window, and begged of him to come in.

The obstinate boy would not even turn round. "No, thank you I don't want the conjurer," he said, and still remained, at some distance along the balcony, leaning against the rail and looking up at the moon.

He would not even turn round, he shook his straw hat and refused to come.

So the window was closed, and the curtains drawn across it. If Dick was sulky, let him stop out! Lily wanted to go and coax him to come in, but Mr. Willis said "No;" he would not have the entertainment of the party delayed because one boy was silly enough to sulk, and stand outside looking at the moon.

The conjurer began by lighting Bengal fires and letting them fizz, till everything was ruby red, and then violet, and then green—greatly to the alarm of Mr. and Mrs. Willis.

When the green light ended in an explosion, Mr. Willis stepped up to him as the smoke cleared away, and asked him to leave out that part of the entertainment, as the air was becoming thick with chemical smells, and he preferred not to have the house on fire.

The conjurer bowed low.

He then took two chairs, and knocked them both down in an attempt to stand on his head upon one, and to jump on to the other.

The conjurer, in his yellow robes, rolled on the floor, and the failure of the trick amused the children more than any number of successful feats that he might have performed.

"It is all right, sir," whispered the conjurer, standing up again and leaning towards the gentleman with a knowing nod of his head, while all the children were shrieking with laughter. "One must do some little thing to put them in good humor; it is like the clown who pretends that he can't get up on to the horse."

All the same Mr. Willis had his doubts whether the little black man had really meant to tumble.

Mrs. Willis had her doubts also—she doubted whether it was good for the chairs to be treated in this manner.

The conjurer now done a clever trick with iron rings. Of coure, they had plenty of these rings at Blanco's; Dick had bought his there. Confidence in his powers returned even one admired and wandered.

The conjurer asked Mr. Willis for his watch, and received it at once. Then he asked for a tumbler of water. He set the tumbler of water on a small table, poured some red liquid into it, and told the company that he was going to dip the watch into the water and bring it out dry.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in his hoarse tones, "I shall first show you another wonder. I fill the tumbler to the brim. I lay this piece of paper across it. I turn it over. I command the paper to keep the water in. I take my hand away. It——"

Well—it let the water out, for the hand of the conjurer was nervous, and gave a shake. The whole splash of red liquid went down on the table and floor.

"Oh, this is horrible!" said Mr. Willis. "Blanco should not have sent us such a man. I wonder at Blanco."

The thoughtless children, however, enjoyed the spill. Loud laughter and uproar filled the room. The boys thought his awkwardness the best of fun, and clapped for him to do something else.

The black conjurer in yellow called Mr. Willis into a corner, and set his mind at rest by explaining the next trick to him. "You see, sir, the red stuff is only to darken the water, and I am to slip in this penny brass watch instead of yours, and hand it round. They think it is the gold one when the water is colored."

"Oh! I see—just so! Very clever!" said Mr. Willis, thinking the conjurer in yellow was not such a bad fellow after all, and letting him have his chance.

The tumbler was filled again; the red liquid was poured in. The audience waited breathlessly. The conjurer held up Mr. Willis's gold watch—

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said; "in goes the watch."

He closed both hands over the tumbler. All eyes were on him. He got nervous; in went Mr. Willis's watch, and the poor conjurer gave a breathless shriek: "Oh! what shall I do? It is gone in!"

At the same instant a servant entered and announced: "Here is the conjurer from Blanco's, sir."

And in came a young man, a very ordinary-looking mortal in a black evening coat and white tie.

For one moment they gazed at each other—the conjurer in yellow and the new one in the black coat. Then, with a last horrified glance at the watch, the yellow conjurer fled: he escaped by the window. Half of the crowd looked out after him, and called back into the room the news that he was scrambling down into the garden by the ivy, and that Dick was climbing after him.

* * * * * *

The conjurer in yellow ran through the gap in the hedge, and got in next door. The little dog Prince barked, till one would have thought he would bark his head off: and at last he recognised his master. Dick's father also recognized the negro, and required an immediate explanation.

Poor Dick! He had lost the letter, and found that a conjurer was expected. He had also found an old book regarding tricks and fireworks.

This book led to explosions, and to many experiments; he had managed to hold a tumbler of water upside down, and had tried to whiten his teeth with its contents. Finally, he had dressed in an old yellow damask curtain and two pairs of long red stockings; and having blackened his face and put on a black wig, he ventured in next door to perform.

Before that he had stood outside on the balcony, and he had paid the newspaper boy to climb up by the ivy and take his place there, so that everyone would think he was out on the balcony all the time he was performing.

Mr. Willis had called that day at Blanco's, and hence the real conjurer.

But when the performance was given, all the boys and girls were still keen to know who was the little black conjurer in yellow, and they all agreed that he was funnier than the clever one.

Everyone thought Dick had run away wildly after him; they had seen the newspaper boy making his escape in Dick's hat and coat.

So the children pulled their crackers, and put on their paper caps, and wondered where was Dick: and still he did not come; and the little ones got sleepy; and, one by one, and two by two, the guests were sent for, and still Dick did not come back.

"It was a lovely party," said Lily, as she wished her parents "good night" with sleepy eyes. "But, poor Dick! what a long way he must have run after that funny little man in yellow!"

---

CHARACTER.—The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as if thereby they could avenge themselves upon fate; other grow desponding and hopeless; but a third class of men will rouse themselves, "The more difficult it it is to attain my end, the more honorable it will be." And this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as an in inflexible law. Some of those who are guided by it prosecute their plans with obstinacy, and so perish; others who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way, will try another. M. S.

### PRIMROSE AND VIOLET.

BY U. P.

Primrose and violet, down in the lane,
Trod by our footsteps so lightly of old,
I welcome you out of the earth again,
In your shaded purple and sunlit gold.

Only—if only the warm spring sun
Brought back the dead who died with the flowers!
Ye are so many, and she was but one,
Who faded forever from earthly bowers.

Closed her blue eyes as the violets slept,
Sank with the primroses into the earth;
None could awaken her, loud though they wept:
She will not joy in the flowers' new birth.

Primrose and violet, mine still in death
Those of your kindred she gave to me here;
Granting my prayer for her youthful faith,
And she had withered before they were sere.

Yet I must live, and must live for the right—
It is for her and to see her again;
And you—ye shall be where she lies this night,
And die on her dead heart, as I would fain.

### ODDITIES OF FOOD.

What ought man to eat? In other words, what is man's proper food? A more embarrassing question could hardly be put. One man, blessed with an accommodating appetite, eats anything and everything which he can get, and finds all good; another picks and chooses and wastes; and some get so little of anything, that they are thankful to eat whatever comes in their way, and still do not eat too much. The difficulty is not to give a list of things which man eats in some part of the world or another, but to make out a list of things which he never uses for food. Everything that lives and moves in the air, in the earth under our feet, on the ground, or in the water, has been at some time or other eaten and relished.

The vegetable world has yielded its treasures in the richest profusion for man's food; and not content with eating fruit, leaves and flowers, he has found out that bark, roots, and grass can, at a pinch, take the place of more tempting viands, to say nothing of occasional banquets on his fellow man.

"The Voyage of the Jeannette," a charming work, edited by Emma de Long, the widow of the heroic Lieutenant Commander of that ill-fated ship, contains a touching account of the sufferings of the expedition: "At last, on October the third, they had to kill their solitary dog."

On they struggled with stout hearts, but feeble limbs, burdened now with a dying comrade, who, some days later, relieved his mess-mates of a burden they could ill support. They buried him in the ice by the riverside with such naval honors as their slender resources permitted.

Solid food was all gone. For the next fortnight we meet with entries like these: "October the seventh, for dinner we had one ounce of alcohol in a pot of tea, made from old tea-leaves." "October the tenth, last half ounce of alcohol; eat deerskin scraps. Yesterday cut my deerskin footnips" Then they had nothing for some days but a spoonful of glycerine. When that was finished they tried infusion of willow leaves.

The last mention of food is under date of October the fifteenth. 'Breakfast: willow tea and two old boots.'" The rescuing parties found the diary near the dead body of the unfortunate Commander. It abounds in passages of the deepest interest and pathos.

As long as meat is eaten, one cannot see the smallest objection to horse flesh, providing it is not diseased. Horses are brought to table and relished in many countries, and our neighbors across the Ocean consider them wholesome; and the consumption is rapidly increasing.

"Had the writer of the paragraph on 'Snails as Food,' which you have published, ever lived in the West of England, he would not have been so positive in his reference to the powerful national prejudice of Englishmen to this nutritious and palatable article. Over a wide area, of which Bristol is the centre, though the winter, the common, large garden snail is a profitable, marketable article; and hundreds of bushels are sent to Bristol every week from the surrounding districts; the value averaging six shillings per bushel. At most oyster shops and fish stalls, 'wall fish'—as prepared snails are called—are on sale.

Horse flesh and snails! "Well," vegetarians will exclaim, "what next? If these are wholesome foods, which are unwholesome?"

The "Horticultural Times," some little time ago, praised the opinion in rather warm terms. Unfortunately, the pungent smell of this excellent vegetable makes it particularly offensive to many people; but few will deny that some palates are not favorably disposed to its pronounced flavor.

Still, vegetarians assure us that "onions are diaphoretic—increasing the secretion of the cutaneous glands; carminative—training up the stomach, and assisting in digestion; soporific—quieting the nerves, and inducing sleep"—though why the organs of a healthy body should be stimulated to do extra work, I cannot quite see.

Human ingenuity probably never went farther than in some of the adulterations now perpetrated. What does the reader say to gooseberry jelly made entirely from seaweed? This is a fraud which the Paris Municipal Laboratory has brought to light. It is colored with fuchsine, or some similar material; and the flavor is given by five parts of acetic ether, four of tartaric acid, one of succinic acid, and one of aldehyde, and œnanthic ether.

This is, perhaps, happily capped by the following amusing story, which, however, I fear is not very new: It is related of a milkman in Boston, that a report had become current among his customers that his cows were suffering from disease; and on presenting himself one morning at a customer's door, he was informed of this by the lady, who told him that, under the circumstances, she did not wish him to leave any milk for the present. "Bless you, ma'am," he replied, "my milk never saw a cow." We are not told the effect of this reassuring statement on the lady, but we can imagine it.

As a specimen of simple living, not accompanied by high thinking, however, the following passage, from a lecture by Professor Flower on the extinct Tasmanians is worth studying:

"They were," he says, "quite ignorant of the potter's art, and had no vessels for holding water, except pieces of bark or shells. Their cooking was, therefore, of the most primitive kind, consisting chiefly of toasting on the embers of the fires though their food was considerably varied, for nothing that was edible among the natural productions of the island, animal or vegetable, but seems to have served its turn on occasion. Kangaroos, opossums, bandicoots, wombats, seals, stranded whales, birds, lizards, snakes, ants, grubs, eggs, shell-fish, roots, seeds, some few fruits, and several species of fungi, are enumerated as ministering to their wants. Their sole drink was water, as, unlike the large majority of people even low in the scale of civilization, no kind of intoxicating beverage had been discovered; and they knew not the luxury, with all its attendant evils, of tobacco, or of any corresponded narcotic for smoking. There is, moreover, no evidence that they ever resorted to cannibalism."

## Grains of Gold.

The best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men.

A friend wearies of praising sooner than an enemy of blaming.

We blame in others only the faults by which we do not profit.

Learning passes for wisdom with those persons who want both.

Dread remorse when you are tempted to err. Remorse is the poison of life.

The freshness of the heart is lost far more surely by debauchery than by years.

The most profitable and praiseworthy genius in the world is untiring industry.

Stop to admire a good thing you have done, and some other man will do a better one.

Some persons spend so much time in making promises that they have no time to fulfil them.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.

There is always something or other from which one cannot emancipate one's self. We are made so.

Columbus, arches pyramids,—what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs but characters written in dust?

Happiness is a state of constant occupation upon some desirable object, with a continual sense of progress toward its attainment.

The life of man is made up of action and endurance; and life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or in patient perseverance.

## Femininities.

A woman is not old as long as she inspires love.

Divorces can be obtained in four hours in Japan by paying $2 down.

A girl appreciates a kiss when she gets old enough to know that she ought not.

Women intend to fascinate beholders this summer with parasols of bright and striking plaids.

The only creditable thing you can say of some people is that they are fond of their children.

The widow who wears the longest mourning veil is generally the one who cuts across lots to find another husband.

A new idea in coffee spoons is to have each one of a set shaped like a different flower, with a long stem for the handle.

Spanish colors, Spanish styles, Toreador hats, and red, black and yellow millinery stuffs, are features in spring fashions.

Mrs. Cleveland, after a course of violin lessons during the past winter, has already obtained an enviable degree of proficiency on that instrument.

Spruce pillows which have lost their fragrance may be renewed, it is said, by subjecting them for a short time to steam, and drying them thoroughly.

The devil said of woman: "Thou art half of my host, and thou art the depository of my secret, and thou art my arrow, with which I shoot and miss not."

A match is already being arranged for the young King Alexander, of Servia, who is not yet 14 years old. The proposed alliance is with a Grand Duchess of Russia.

It is a strange coincidence that a bride on her wedding trip was among the victims of each of the three worst accidents in recent years on the New York Central system.

Women never really command until they have given their promise to obey; and they are never in more danger of being made slaves than when men are at their feet.

When a woman ruins a man she always idolizes him. The Jewess was afraid of Samson when he was terrible and powerful, but she must have loved him when she made him helpless.

A woman of 77 and a man of 57 applied for a marriage license at Hillsdale, Mich., the other day, and were on the point of getting it when friends of the woman interfered. She has property.

A new blush has been invented by some ingenious individual in London. It can be laid on half an hour or so before it is required to act, and can be set, like an alarm clock, to go off, or rather to come on, at a certain time.

Mrs. Dumpsey, at 1 o'clock A. M.: "Mercy! Did you hear the girl shriek then? I am sure she must have seen a burglar." Mr. Dumpsey: "No, she would never have screamed like that for a burglar. It must have been a mouse."

A 3 year old child walked off a rapidly moving train near Elkhardt, Ind., a day or two ago, and, strange to say, when the train ran back the little one was found standing in the middle of the track uninjured, except for a slight scratch on one ear.

Never let yourself be awakened by anybody else, but wait until you have slept out your sleep. Get up as soon as you are awake. If you follow these two rules the hours of sleep will very soon regulate themselves. If you read yourself to sleep you should read a heavy book, not a light one.

Madeleine, fondly: "George, dearest, I could not make out your last letter at all. It was full of the queerest marks." George, a very young M. D.: "Good heavens! I have sent you a prescription, and have given your letter to the prescription clerk! And the patient died!" Falls in convulsions.

Polite doctor, cautiously: "Your husband is suffering from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants. It is—ahem!—a little difficult to tell which." Anxious wife: "Oh, it's overwork! Why, he can't even go to the theatre without rushing out half a dozen times to see his business partners."

Husband, alarmed: "Emily, there seems to be a smoke coming up through the floor. Run and tell the lady on the flat below. Something's afire in her part of this building. Quick, quick!" Wife, cold and stately: "Cyrus, I'll never do it in the world. We've lived three months in this flat, and she has never called on me."

The Queen Dowager of Portugal, an Italian Princess, married at the age of 15, was very extravagant in her ideas. It is reported that on one occasion she brought home from Paris 1,000 pairs of shoes. On another occasion she ordered 60 dresses from Worth, and on the way home they were lost at sea. Not discommoded in the least, she duplicated the order.

"I think this beats all the divorce cases I ever tried," said Judge Tuley in an aside whisper to Senator James Dooley, as Cornelius Kuyper, aged 74 years, mounted the stand with the aid of one of his grown sons and asked for a divorce from Mrs. Maria Kuyper, aged 78. It was a case of second marriage with both parties, and the issue of contention was property.

Some funny young men of Pittsburg caught a very large rat one day lately, and making a neat package of it laid it on the pavement. Shortly after a well-dressed lady picked up the package, and from the way she carried it, evidently thought she had found something valuable. No one who was in the joke had the satisfaction of seeing the lady open her find.

On Fifth and Madison avenues, New York, between 1 and 2 P. M., you may see scores of little girls walking briskly along with their maids or governesses. The little ones are talking vivaciously with each other or with their attendants. The language, however, is not that of their own New York, but of Paris. This is the hour when the French maids take the little ones home from school.

## Masculinities.

It is as easy to tell the truth to your wife as to tell a lie, but it is not always so expedient.

The champion card player of Manning, Col., was bested in a game of old sledge by a trained pig.

In France official figures show that the unmarried represented 32 per cent. of the entire population.

Whenever William E. Gladstone catches cold he at once goes to bed. This has been his rule for fifteen years.

Ex Secretary Boutwell, who is 72 years of age, made a ten-hours' speech before the Supreme Court the other day.

There is no one in Parliament who can yawn so earnestly, so deliberately and so prodigiously as Mr. Gladstone.

A Boston sufferer from rheumatism claims to have been cured by carrying an old electric-light carbon in his pocket.

Third Assistant Postmaster General Hazen wears a pair of fac-similes of the 2-cent reddish-brown stamps for cuff-buttons.

Jack Happy—"Have a cigar, Billy?" Billy Golucky—"No; I've given up smoking." Jack Happy—"Well, tell us all about her."

G. S. Reville of Columbia county, has an infant daughter 22 months old that knows every letter in the alphabet, and can count as high as 100.

A pretty man is like a yellow dog. Its color does not affect its usefulness, but somehow people naturally expect a yellow dog to be worthless.

It is rarely indeed, that a nonagenarian resides all his life in the one house, as did Elbridge Tilton, who has just died in Deerfield, N. H. He was in his 92d year.

Short sightedness descends from parent to child in diagonal succession—that is, sons inherit it most frequently from their mothers, and daughters from their fathers.

John Mills, of Sparta, Ga., is fattening jay birds for the market. He feeds them well and they grow large. He thinks of going into the business very extensively.

Agent—"I'd make you my janitor, only I must have a married man." Applicant—"Keep the place open for an hour and I'll fix that. It's easier to get married than to get a job."

A groom in New York was so nervous that he slipped the wedding ring on the wrong finger, and actually forgot to kiss the bride until an admonition from the Court reminded him of the omission.

Jack Pott (presumably in love with his employer's daughter)—"Is Mr. Calico in?" "Yes." Pott (horribly disappointed)—"Well, I'm glad to hear it. He might catch cold outside—beastly weather. Good night."

General Sherman has once more given the country an example of his practical good sense by buying his own monument, a thousand-dollar one, and he says: "The moment I am buried it will be clapped on over me."

Charles Dickens once said, "Do nothing in the dark." He was right, as every man who has stepped on a rocking chair during the wee sma' hours of the night can testify. What man needs apparently is a night dress with a match box attached to it.

Miss Minnie Leach married Ling Foy, a "washerman," in Boston recently. The minister said his usual fee was $5. "Fwees dolla all givee," said the Chinaman. The clergyman did not fancy this cut in the rates, but he took it, all the same.

Shoe dealer (for the sake of adding the strength of another favorable opinion)—"Ah, madam, but that shoe is simply perfection upon your foot. James, how do you think Mrs. De Hoof's foot looks in this shoe?" New Clerk (anxious not to fall short in his enthusiasm)—"Immense."

A humpbacked man at Chicago gets a living by selling the time of day. He has a chronometer and it is warranted true. He has a certain territory which he goes over, and furnishes the housewives in that territory with the time of day once a week. He gets ten cents from each patron.

It is hard to believe that a man can unite two such widely different characters as minister and butcher; yet such a one is Rev. Halsey W. Knapp, a Western clergyman, who from 6 to 11 A. M. manages one of the largest retail and wholesale meat places, and the rest of the twenty-four hours is a busy and benevolent clergyman.

"Guess how many bank bills it requires in the scales to balance a silver dollar?" asked a gentleman of the Delegate. "Fifty," was the answer. "Try it again," said the gentleman. "Well, 100," said the Delegate, supposing his first guess was too meagre. "Wrong," answered the gentleman. "It only requires twenty."

A remarkable coincidence in connection with the death of the President of an electric railway in Ohio, is that he was killed while violating a rule which he himself had made, forbidding passengers to get on or off the front platform while the cars were in motion. His coat got caught in some way or other, and he was thrown under the wheels.

Ol Moseley Witham, of Washington, Me., who departed this life last week, a paper there relates, "He was noted for trading jack knives. It was as much of a mania with him as the exchanging of options is a professional joker. On the handle of every knife he ever owned he made a little private mark, by which he could recognize it if it ever came into his hands again."

S. F. Dansberry, a blind man, and Mrs. Victoria Swain, were married at Little Rock, Ark., a few days since. About four years ago Mrs. Swain's husband suddenly disappeared, and a few months afterward she received a letter telling of the death of her husband. She afterwards met Mr. Dansberry, and they were married. About one year after the ceremony had been performed Swain appeared on the scene and the marriage was dissolved. Mrs. Swain immediately began a suit for divorce on the grounds of desertion, and gained the case. After a year's separation the two parties are again married and happiness once more reigns.

## Recent Book Issues.

The "Two Sides of the School Question" is an interesting pamphlet on this important subject, published by the Arnold Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Price 10 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Among the attractions in the April number *Cassell's Family Magazine* are instalments of two serials, illustrated: "The Planets of 1899;" "The Work of Public Speakers," illustrated by Harry Furniss; the second part of the series on "An Anatomy of Handwriting;" "Some Digestible forms of Cheese Cookery;" "Shopping in the States," being an account of the average American woman's favorite pastime; "A Friendly Talk About Hysteria," by the Family Doctor; "The Mind Reading of the Chinese," short stories, poems, music, and timely fashion letters from London and Paris, with an abundance of illustrations. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

*Wide Awake* for April open with a timely frontispiece entitled "Easter Offerings," and there is an Easter story by Mr. Butterworth, "The Pilgrim's Easter Lily," which ought to go far to settle the question of America's national flower. W. J. Rhees, of the Smithsonian Institution, under the title "What's in a Name?" gives a brief history of the English founder of that institution at Washington, with three portraits of Smithson. There are short stories by Mrs. L. B. Walford, Olive Risley Seward, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, and others; a second crisp article on "Newspaper Workers," by Mrs. Sallie Joy White, for girls who intend to become "Journalists;" a paper on "The English Primrose;" instalments of the two serials, poetry by Edith M. Thomas, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Emilo Poulson, and the department of "Men and Things," which is full of original anecdote and reminiscence. D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for April is a photogravure, by Dujardin, from the painting by Frank Bramley entitled "Saved," which will touch the heart as well as gratify the artistic taste of the connoisseur. The opening paper is by Frederick Wedmore, on "Old Masters and Deceased British Artists at the Royal Academy," illustrated with engravings by Carter, from portraits by Vandyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir David Wilkie, R. A. Lewis F. Day continues his "Lesson in Ornament," embellished with fourteen illustrations by the author, picturing the vine in decorative art. "Pope Leo X. as an Art Patron," with an illustration engraved by Jonnard, from Raphael, is discussed by F. Mabel Robinson. A full-page illustration of "Miss Macdonald" accompanies a sketch of this lady by Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A. "Winter in the Country," by E. F. Brewtnall, R. W. S., with five illustrations from drawings by the author, very agreeably shows that "every season has its charm," and that it also has its attendant drawback. "The Imperial Institute" by Sir Somers Vine, with illustrations from drawings by the architect, Thomas E. Collcutt, F. R. I. B. A., follows, and the usual notes on current art keep the reader in touch with the movements in the world of art in England and America. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.—Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too cold; too hot; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; put my papers to rights; letters to write to my friends; mean to take a walk; going to take a ride; tied to business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sundays; can't breathe in church, always so full; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel very lezy; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; wasn't shaved in time; don't like an organ; don't like singing without music, makes me nervous—the spirit willing, but the flesh weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, too frothy; can't bear a written sermon, too prosing; nobody to-day but our minister, can't always listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake when at church—fell asleep last time I was there—shan't risk it again.

DON'T RUN THE RISK of your Cold getting well of itself—you may thereby drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent tendency, which may give you years of trouble. Better cure your Cold at once with the help of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a good healing medicine for all Coughs, Sore Lungs and Throats.

### PROSPERITY.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.

Few of us can bear prosperity with calmness and moderation, but are apt to transgress the bounds of duty and reason by its seducing influence. There is an excitement, a spurring, in success of any kind that urges an advance, a go ahead, which it is difficult to curb, and more so to overcome. In is only in a dull and languid mind that there is inertness and apathy. It is a natural quality of strength and power to use them, to extend them, to gain all that can be accomplished by them. It is a mistake to suppose that they will surrender or be discomfitted on easy terms, and by willing consent. Only those men make their mark, their impress, and achieve distinction, in the world and times who battle against difficulties and stem the tide of adversity. Men who gain prosperity by their merit, their good and just deeds, like the noble and benevolent few, who always have a tear for pity and a hand open as day to melting charity, know best the value of prosperity and its proper use. They see the wants and privations of others and feel them too, not with a callous heart, but with an open hand with assuaging and cheerful words, and sympathetic affections, such men deserve success and good fortune. They have reaped what they sowed, and are favored from good work, and good culture. Prosperity brings out the virtues of a good man, and gives them lustre—I lest the good qualities of a bad man, and gives his bad qualities full vent and shows. So me men shine by borrowed light. They make themselves conspicuous and prominent by the thoughts and influence of others, and pass them current as their own. They soon sink into insignificance or oblivion. A good man, like the aged oak, can stand the blasts of storms, the violence of disturbing elements; they set him firmer and stronger in his position. L. G. W.

WOMAN'S PAINTED FACE.—The art of beautifying the complexion by artificial means is very old. The women of gray antiquity knew how to give their cheeks the rosy hue which nature had denied them.

In Nineveh the practice of enamelling was quite common. The skin was made smooth and clean with pumice stone and then covered with a layer of white chemical preparations. A toilet case found in the ruins of Thebes contained a whole arsenal of little bottles full of perfumeries and complexion medicines. The women of Athens painted themselves with white lead and vermilion. The poet Ovid described various paints which were used by the Roman matrons, and complained that the women tried to imitate with cosmetics the rosy complexion which health alone could give. He also spoke of the deceitful pallor lent to their cheeks by white lead, and of curious methods they had of beautifying their eyes.

Again he mentions that a pale face was a necessity for every woman who aspired to be "good form." Pliny speaks of a concoction of flour of peas and barley, eggs, hartshorn, etc., which fashionable women in Rome wore on their faces all night and part of the day for the purpose of clearing their skins.

The custom of painting the face was brought to Gaul and Germany by the Romans. A few centuries later 100 different salves for the complexion were sold in the German market. In modern times France has been the great manufacturer and consumer of cosmetics. In England, too, the use of them has been general.

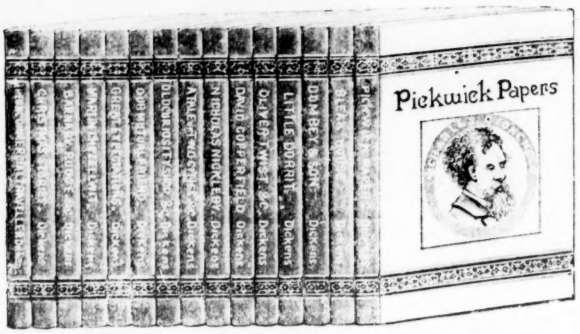
In 1779 the English Parliament found it expedient to consider a bill to the effect that "all women, without distinction as to age or rank, maidens as well as widows, who should deceive the male subjects of his Majesty and mislead them into marriage by means of paint, salve, beauty water, false teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, corsets or padded hips, should be punished under the provisions of the law against sorcery, and the marriage should be declared null."

A German statistician, who has accurate data concerning the use of cosmetics throughout the civilized world, estimates that the money which American woman pay for cosmetics would pay for the painting of 37,000 houses at an expense of $75 per house.

IT seems rather odd to Americans that there should be a distinct and well defined movement on foot in Great Britain against women who wish to ride man-fashion to hounds. Yet there seems to be every reason to believe that a large body of women exist in Great Britain who have this ambition, and certain fashionable tailors are advertising a divided skirt riding habit designed for these enthusiasts.


# FREE! FREE!

## CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS!




## Good Paper! Clear Print! Neat Binding!

The usual price for the cheapest set of Dickens Novels has heretofore been $10 00. Owing to the present low price of printing paper and a very large contract with a leading book manufacturer we are enabled to offer our readers the most extraordinary bargain in good literature ever heard of.

### 15 Handsomely Made, Convenient Sized Books.

Dickens' Works are the most widely read of any novels printed in any language. The popularity of Dickens is ever increasing and every person should own a full set of his works. Charles Dickens is eminently the novelist of the people. No person is well read who has not perused his works.

### HOW TO GET THEM.

Send us six (6) *three months* trial subscribers at 50 cents each and we will send you the entire 15 Volumes free of all charges as a premium.

If preferred a complete set of 25 *Waverly Novels* in 12 Volumes will be sent instead of Dickens' Works.

A trial subscriber is a New One, and must be a person who is not now on our subscription list.

### NOT CHEAP, TRASHY BOOKS!

These VOLUMES are each about 5x7¼ inches in size and of uniform thickness. The printing is clear and the type of a readable size. They are printed from plates made for this edition. NOT CONDENSED OR ABRIDGED.

Never before has the opportunity been presented for securing so much valuable reading matter for so small an amount, or with as little trouble. Ask six of your acquaintances to try THE POST *three months* or 13 weeks. Send us their names and addresses with 50 cents for each, and secure a complete set of either Dickens or Waverly Novels. Send in your order at once.

## The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Pa.


THE ORIGINAL BANJO.—The original banjo was a calabash with strings of some sort across it. If you travelled in Africa in the year 1890 you would find this same primitive instrument still in use at savage festivities, as it has doubtless been for ages. The negroes brought to this country as slaves fetched the idea with them, says the Washington *Star*, and a century ago, or even much less, gourds cut in half were employed for the purpose by the blacks in the south. Nobody knows exactly how the first steps in the development of the banjo were taken, but it is recognized that it owes its present form to the application, tum-tum, of the guitar principles to it. In all likelihood the negroes themselves made the first improvements upon it, taking suggestions from the guitar, and white folks took it up afterward. Anyway, it is as perfect an instrument now as it will ever be. Musicians say that it isn't really a musical instrument at all, but only a barbaric thing, to be classed with the tom-tom. However, I don't agree with that. It is rather curious to notice that all the instruments originally identified with negro minstrelsy have come from Africa.

Both the tambourine and bones or castanets were brought into Spain from Africa by the Moors. They are both savage instruments, almost unmodified. The funniest and most primitive musical instrument I ever heard of, however, I saw used by a darkey down in Florida, who laid one horny and previously licked forefinger on the edge of a table and sawed across it back and forth with a round stick.

The table served as a sounding board, and at each stroke of the stick across the finger a long-drawn, lugubrious note of some loudness was produced. It did the bass for an orchestra at a negro party—'um-ti-tiddle tum—consisting besides of a banjo and a tambourine.

A SEVERE REBUKE.—A severe but well-merited rebuke was administered not long ago, says a New York paper, Women-About-Town, to a society girl by a young man who has the courage of very creditable convictions upon a certain common lack of the nicest courtesy among young women who are really well bred, and who would not offend for the world if they stopped to think. He told the story himself, as follows:

"During one of my busiest weeks I invited a young lady to go with me to the theatre on a certain first night. When the evening came I reached her home shortly before eight o'clock. I waited in the reception room for some time. Then the mamma appeared. We chatted for a quarter of an hour longer. I looked at my watch; it was just time for the curtain to rise at the theatre. I particularly wanted to see the opening of the play.

"Then I rose and took one of my checks from my pocket. 'Madame,' I said to the mother, here is the check for Miss D.'s chair, and the carriage is at the door. Will you be kind enough to ask her to come when it suits her best? For myself, I want to see the opening of the play,' and I walked out.

"And what did the young woman do?" asked three breathless listeners all at once.

"She came in the course of half an hour. She had good sense enough to take the rebuke in the right way. She knew she deserved it."

"Oh, but I never would have forgiven you!" sighed the chorus.

# Humorous.

### LOOKING FORWARD.

In the near-approaching future that the poet's eyes descry,
When a Moon of Gorgonzola shall Diana's moon supply,
And across the empyrean pigs shall dart on gauzy wings,
There will be decided changes in the ways of Men and Things.

Then will ten and ten no longer make the old accustomed score,
But, to meet our new requirements, rather less or rather more;
Then identity of Cause will not produce the same Effect—
'Neath the sway of pseudo-Culture that's a thing we can't expect.

Wicked towns will be abolished; in the healthy open air
Smith will toil for Jones's dinner, Robinson give Brown a share;
Everybody will be equal—very nearly—if they can,
Save, of course, the Skilful Artist and the Literary man.

These and other things will happen—I, the poet say it, I—
When the Moon of Cheese is fashioned, and the grunter learns to fly;
When the Anarchistic Chaos starts its everlasting reign,
And our good friend Topsyturvy gets the upper hand again.

—U. N. NONE.

What snows does summer never melt? The snows of age.

What is that which nobody wants and nobody likes to lose? A law-suit.

For putting on a coat a darky's instructions were' "Fust de right arm, den de left arm, and den gib one general convulsion."

The popular idea of an anarchist is that of a man who is liable to take anything valuable that comes in his way, except a bath.

A school teacher lately put the question, "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe!" responded a bright member of the class.

"How is this Alfred, I found this corkscrew in one of your pockets?" "Oh that's all right, mother. They come with those corkscrew suits, you know."

"Are you prepared to die, young man?" asked the sanctimonious individual "No." "Why not?" "The premium on my life insurance policy is unpaid."

"He was a man who had indeed suffered much," says a country paper, in a short obituary notice; "he had been a subscriber to this paper since its first number."

In an old geography we are told that Albany is a "town of three hundred houses and twelve hundred inhabitants, all with their gables ends toward the street."

Hamfat (behind the scene): Ha! what do I see? Only four wreaths thrown on the stage and I ordered five. But stay! Let me curb my rage. It will give me an excuse not to pay the bill. 'Tis a cold day when Hamfat gets left."

Effie's Brother: "Do you love my sister Effie?" Effie Steady Company: "Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?" Effie's Brother: "She said last night she would give a dollar to know; and I'd like to scoop it in."

The negro is often a real philosopher. An aged colored man has just paid the last dollar he owed on a mule when the animal suddenly died, leaving its owner bankrupt. On being sympathized with, he said calmly, "Well, his time come 'ter go, sah; an' I radder him dan me."

Shopman, to young lady who has purchased a pair of gold sleeve-links for her fiance: "Any initials, miss?" Young lady: "Oh, Yes—I forgot! Engrave the letter 'U,' his first name," Shopman: "May I ask, miss, if it is Uriah or Ulysses? Names with 'U' are rare." Young lady, proudly: "His name is Eugene."

"Miss Clara," he murmured fondly, "can you tell me why your eyes are like the stars?" "No. Why are they?' "Because they shine so brightly." "Ah—thanks! But you are like the stars, too, Mr. Daily." "Why, may I ask?" "Because you stay until daybreak." And shortly afterwards his footsteps could have been heard as they pattered along the walk.

Husband to wife: "I've been out half the day trying to collect money, and I'm wild enough to smash up the furniture. It beats all how some men will put off and put off. A man who owes money and won't pay isn't fit to associate—" Servant, opening the door: "The butcher, sorr, is down-stairs with his bill." Husband: "Tell him to call again!"

A gentleman, talking with a young lady, said that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age. "For instance," he said, "I don't understand how the incandescent light, now used in some buildings and railway carriages, is procured.," "Oh, it's very simple" said the lady, with the air of one who knows, "You just turn a little button over the lamp, and the light appears at once."


### CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*


RAINS PERPETUALLY.—D. R. Parkman tells of a curious phenomenon in Chattahoochee county, Ga.,—a place where rain falls perpetually. The spot is located on a little knoll in a thin wood on the Shipp place, two miles from Thad.

Mr. Parkman says the discovery was first made last Thursday, and that the rain has been falling steadily on the knoll since that time.

The downfall covers a space of fifty feet square. This space is perfectly wet and the leaves on the ground are full of water. Mr. Parkman says he visited the place with G. A. McBride, at noon Tuesday.

There was not a cloud to be seen in the sky, and the leaves everywhere, except on the square, were as dry as tinder.

"I stood with the space between me and the sun," said Mr. Parkman, "and saw the raindrops coming steadily down from the sky. I held out my handkerchief and it was soon saturated with water."

Mr. Parkman says that everybody that hears about the phenomenon is skeptical, but that the many who have visited the place in the last few days have gone away convinced.

No one has yet offered an explanation of the mysterious rainfall. Mr. Parkman suggests that some powerful unknown substance attracts the moisture from the atmosphere.

HE DRIVES WITH HIS TOES.—John Mylchreest, of Middleton, New York, says a despatch from there, is a queer chap, and as adroit in some ways as he is defective physically.

John is 13 years old and has no arms; he never had any, so he has to get along handily without them. He makes his feet do the chores ordinarily intrusted to the hands by other folks, and he does some feats that would be notable if done by persons who have hands as well as feet.

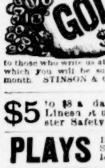
For instance, being fond of horses, he has learned to drive them expertly, and he manipulates the reins entirely with his toes. He lolls back on the wagon seat, gathers up the lines deftly with his toes, sings out "g'lang!" and rattles away, cracking his whip and having a grand time.

The reins he holds in the toes of his left foot, the whip in the cluster of right foot toes, and he plies the lash if necessary, and saws the lines if the steeds cut up, and goes through town at a rattling gait with the skill of an accomplished and two-handed whip.

When John is not on the turf or behind a roadster taking an outing, he is in the newsboy business, and it is a smart chap that can sell papers and make change with his hands as swiftly and handsomely as young Mylchreest can do those things with his nimble ten toes.

AN exceedingly cheeky thief made his appearance in Boston one day last week. He was dressed in overalls. He went into the office of a life insurance company, and, while whistling one of the latest tunes, began to unscrew from the wall of a toilet room on the fourth floor a mirror valued at about $20.

Fully 20 occupants of the building saw the man at work, and everybody thought he had been hired either to repair the glass or clean it. They did not suspect anything was wrong until after he left. Then it was learned he was a thief. He walked down the four flights of stairs and left by means of the front door.


One person in each locality can earn a good running line of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $5 to $20 a day and upwards, and all get good wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. No capital required. We start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $300 during past few months. You can do as well. Now is the time to commence. Full particulars and information mailed free to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & CO., Box 4999, PORTLAND, MAINE.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 FREE. Lineal & under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School Clubs & Parlor. Send stamp for Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

25¢ PRINTING OUTFIT.

A WHOLE PRINTING OUTFIT, COMPLETE AND PRACTICAL, Just as shown in Cut. 3 Alphabets of Rubber Type, Bottle of Indelible Ink, Pad, Tweezers, in lined case with catalogue and directions. "HOW TO BE A PRINTER." Sent by mail, prepaid, for 25c. Name your name, printed on cards, paper, envelopes, etc., same as with $5.00 Outfit. The best gift for young people. Postage only 25c. extra. Circular free. Agts wanted. Ingersoll & Bro., 64 Cortlandt St. N. Y. City.

BY MAIL, SPRINKLER AND ATOMIZER 50 cents. Send for Illustrated Circular. Agents Wanted. Profitable Business. Address F. A. SPRINKLER, Box 1, Fredonia, N. Y.

Home Plants. Best clothes sprinkler in the world. Sprinkles as it sews. You need one. Agents make $5 to $10 a day. S. F. GOLDMAN, Fredonia, N. Y.

R. R. R.

# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Inflammation, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Nervousness, Diphtheria, Influenza (Sporadic or Epidemic), Difficult Breathing.

CURED AND PREVENTED BY

Radway's Ready Relief, a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and Is the Only PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application. It seized with threatened

## PNEUMONIA

Or any inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, &c., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient, by its action of counter-irritation and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instruction see our "Directions" wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

## MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS,

## CHILLS AND FEVER.

FEVER and AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

## Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

The Great Blood Purifier,

For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Syphilitic Complaints, etc., (see our book on Venereal, &c.; price twenty-five cents). Glandular Swelling, Tumors, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

## Skin Diseases, Humors and Sores.

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Rash, Tetters, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Ache and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

The Most Economical! The Best!

Smaller Doses Than Other Sarsaparillas, but More Concentrated.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price, $1

## RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidney, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Price 25 cts per box. Sold by all druggists.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills, as assisting Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

## DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

Dr. A. G. Middlebrook, Doraville, Ga.: "I use them in my practice and family in preference to all other Pills."

T. A. Peters, Lancaster, Pa.: "I would not be without them, they are something every family should have."

Mrs. Caroline Montieth, Dear Creek, Ind.: "I believe my life has been saved by your medicine. Have long been suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint."

H. A. Carr, P. M., Escambia, Ala.: "Best Pills I have ever used."

J. W. Brewer, Ashburn, Mo.: "Those Regulating Pills are worth their size in gold. They will never be out of my house."

Dr. D. Hughes, Nicholasville, Ky.: Uses them in his practice, and pronounces them without doubt the best in use.

Dr. Thos. J. Jones, Montague, Texas: Has used them for over twenty years, and never failed with them in Malaria.

Mrs. Geo. Lobmiller, Santa Fe, Kan., says: "They never fail to give satisfaction," and calls them "a family necessity."

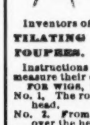
We have received thousands of such testimonials and letters are steadily pouring in to our office daily, which is proof a

POSITIVE PROOF

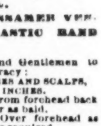
of real worth and merit. Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren st., New York, and receive

WHY DO MOTHERS put stiff Corsets on their GROWING CHILDREN? We beg of you don't do it, but Be sure to buy FERRIS' GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS. *Thousands now in use.* BEST for HEALTH. Economy and Beauty BUTTONS at front instead of Clasps. Ring Buckle at Hip for Hose Supporters. Tape-fastened Buttons—won't pull off. Cord-Edge Button Holes—won't wear out. FIT ALL AGES—Infants to Adults. Sold by Leading RETAILERS everywhere. Send for circular. FERRIS BROS. Manufacturers, 341 Broadway, New York. MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago, WHOLESALE WESTERN AGENTS.

## DOLLARD & CO.,



1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

| FOR WIGS, INCHES. | TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES. |
|---|---|
| No. 1. The round of the head. | No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald. |
| No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. | No. 2. Over forehead as far as required. |
| No. 3. From ear to ear over the top. | No. 3. Over the crown of the head. |
| No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead. | |

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

### Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 306 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

## BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial

SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of

RIBBON BADGES

for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for the fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application

H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,

No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Years; Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS and PARTS of body. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT. Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write for Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address B. B. MALISH, Detroit, Mich.

### Latest Fashion Phases.

Very many and very small buttons are seen on some of the new gowns. One dress of this kind, made of brocaded silk, showing pale-yellow, pale rose and pale-almond, has a vest of almond *peau de soie*, closed with thirty buttons and button holes.

White linen collars, called nun's collars, with square, hemstitched edges and, perhaps, a floral device or an arabesque wrought in each corner, are being worn by young women with full white throats and perfect complexions. They must be approached with caution, however, by those who are not in the first bloom of youth.

Ornamental combs are gradually returning to favor, and some of the new styles in gowns make them a desirable adjunct. They are seen in handsome designs in shell, amber, ivory, gold, silver. Small side combs that match the larger sizes are also fashionable.

Flowers are profusely used in the garniture for gowns of lace, crepes and tissues. The choice of the blossoms depends on the color of the gown and the arrangement of its drapery. A garland of flowers at the edge of the skirt forms a dainty decoration on gowns for young women. Bunches of flowers held by long ribbons are often fastened so that they seem to drape the skirt.

An old-time but elegant trimming, recently revived, consists of a design cut in cloth, and applied to long cloaks, waistcoats and dress panels. The designs are usually followed by metallic braids or cords, of contrasting colors. They are remarkably handsome on plush, velvet and smooth cloths. A clever needle-woman may arrange these trimmings for herself at small cost. They must, however, be perfectly applied, or the result will not be at all satisfactory.

Green in its various shades is a fashionable color to use for these applique garnitures on many of the season's materials. The broad Empire sash, the Directoire sash and the Restoration girdle are features of the season's most fashionable gowns, the Empire sash, or, at least a part of it, being notably becoming to slender figures.

The smooth and pointed Restoration girdle is the most becoming of the three to plump figures, and is generally enriched with an embroidery of metallic braid or thread. The collar and cuffs, and sometimes the revers on the front, will match the girdle.

The carter dress has become quite a favorite for children, its elaborate smocking and simple shaping being decidedly effective in cashmere, veiling, silk flannel. Embroidery done with silk matching that used in the smocking is often seen in pretty designs on these dresses, and adds to the elaborate effect without destroying the simplicity of the shaping. Old rose, green in various shades, pale blue, fawn, brown gray and red are colors especially liked for the little gowns.

Misses are wearing hats of medium size, the broad brims of which are faced with velvet and show just a little of the hat fabric. The low crowns are trimmed high with wings and tinselled ribbons. Blue and brown are the prevailing shades.

Ribbons seem to have won a secure place in the feminine heart, and unique disposal of them is studied and arranged with great care. Long ties are fancied on cloaks, but those placed on long cloaks should be of simple width, long narrow ribbons looking very much out of place. Broad sashes of velvet ribbon are placed on the full skirts of tulle just now so generally favored for evening wear, being arranged directly at the back in very long loops and ends that reach to the edge of the skirt.

The ribbon must be the widest that can be procured, and should, if possible, match the tulle in color. If the exact shade cannot be obtained, however, a black sash is allowable. When black silk stockings and black velvet slippers are worn with a skirt of white tulle the broad black velvet sash will be particularly smart, and will pleasingly vary the all-white effect of the skirt, of which one is likely to tire during the dancing season.

In many cases it appears as if the wearer were a statue and the material had been draped upon her in classic fashion. Tulle is the air that the fashionable modiste is most anxious to produce. A medium between the very classic and the very plain is what the average woman desires, since she does not possess the beauty of the marble Venuses or Juno of antiquity.

A very artistic toilette is made of fine, soft cashmere, in one of the new heliotrope shades, in which there is a hint of pink tones, by the by, which are just now the delight of the Parisienne. The skirt is full and plain, and has a band of Labrador fur as a border decoration. The back of the bodice is plain and well-fitted, and in front is set a plastron of black velvet.

The material is full on each shoulder, and is drawn across in classical fashion, and the sleeves are quite full and are finished with deep velvet cuffs. The high collar is of velvet, and so is the belt, which is secured about the waist with a silver buckle. There has always been an idea that the mauve or heliotrope shades were intended for any season save winter, but the French have proved this an error and insist upon the propriety gown decorated with fur.

A lovely silk muslin embroidered in water lilies was a *chef d œuvre* of the art worker's skill, and made one of the most beautiful gowns of the season. The petals were applied to the stuff in satin of various shades of white and green, the centre being wrought in gold threads. The whole tablier and the front of the corsage were thus wrought, while a finish of sea grasses fell from the shoulders and around the foot of the skirt. Under this skirt of silk muslin was a petticoat of green silk.

The most charming of evening bonnets are of embroidery in metal on crape, and the gossamer head gear is worn to both theatre, opera and dress receptions during the winter.

The always beautiful shades of gray are again promised us for spring wear, and it is prophesied that they are to be trimmed with black lace in Eiffel tower designs or Vandykes of black velvet. Dove colors and all the tones to stone grays are favorite tints, and each and all the tones are most becoming.

These cloths in fine textures are appropriate to spring as well as winter wear, and they are to be found in the silky ladies' cloth which has a surface like satin, to the double width cashmeres, which are as soft and fine as any woolen can be, and which hang in graceful folds.

The very useful and effective brilliantines make the most useful of costumes, and cannot be too highly prized by all those who wish to own one costume which is always useful and at the same time presents a lady-like appearance. All the dark shades as well as black may be found in these desirable fabrics. They come in a very pretty shade of wine color, dark green, marine, blue, grays and all the new shades also.

The latest fad in fans is in the form of a rose. When closed it looks like a bud; opened, it closely resembles a full-blown rose. Being scented with the delicious perfume of the queen of flowers the illusion is perfect.

Many charming novelties in waterproof manties are shown; they are made with either tweed or silk surfaces and are so beautifully cut, and so tasteful in color and design, that they present all the appearance of a smart dust cloak.

A very dainty costume recently made up was of white brilliantine. The shirred basque was trimmed with old rose ribbon and embroidery cloth showing gold and old rose threads. Long loops and ends of ribbon hung from the back of the basque almost to the edge of the skirt.

Silver threads are woven with beautiful effect into embroideries and brocades forming almost invisible stripes and plaids in the fabric. They even appear in bridal veils, finished the inner or outer edge of the hem with scrolls, parallel lines or feathery suggestions of figures. The style of the decoration decides which edge of the hem is to be thus ornamented.

### Odds and Ends.

ABOUT CHEESE.

*Boiled Cheese.*—Put a tablespoonful of milk into a saucepan with an ounce of butter, and a quarter of a pound of prime cheese, finely grated. Set the whole over a slow fire, and when it boils add a well-beaten egg; stir all together, turn it into a dish, brown it with a salamander, and serve it hot.

*Welsh Rarebit.* Cut bread half an inch thick, toast it on both sides very lightly, and cut off the crust; then cut a slice of fat cheese without rind, not quite so large as the toast, upon which lay the cheese in a toaster before a clear fire. Watch it lest it brown or get hard, and when the cheese is thoroughly melted, remove from the fire, and season with mustard, pepper and salt.

*Macaroni with Cheese.*—Boil a quarter of a pound of macaroni in three pints of milk and water and one ounce of butter till tender; strain, and put it into a stewpan, with two ounces of butter, a spoonful of flour, and half a pint of cream; season it with pepper and salt, and add a quarter of a pound of Parmesan cheese, grated; mix and boil together, put some grated cheese over it in the dish, and brown with a salamander. Or, boil the macaroni till very soft in brown gravy, then take it out and drain it, grate over it Parmesan cheese, and serve hot. Or, boil the macaroni in milk, broth, or water; drain it, and put it into scallop shells, with pieces of butter and grated Parmesan cheese over it; cover the top grate more, and add butter; set the shells in a Dutch oven, before a clear fire, and brown lightly, so as not to harden. Or, the macaroni may be dressed in a cheese-toaster instead of shells.

*Ramequins.*—Boil together a quarter of a pint of milk and one ounce of butter, adding two spoonfuls of flour, and while quite hot stir in four eggs, beaten smooth, and two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, bake it in paper cases.

*Fondue.*—Mix together a quarter of a pound of butter and the same of flour, with a pint and a half of cream; boil it to the consistence of a paste, when cold, stir into it four whole eggs, well beaten, and a quarter of a pound of Parmesan cheese, grated; season with pepper and salt; line a mould with biscuit paste, and bake one hour; or it may be put into paper cases, as ramequins are.

*Savory Cheesecakes.*—Beat a pint of curd, well drained, with three ounces of butter, add four whole eggs, and the yolks of two, well beaten; rub through a sieve, and add a quarter of a pound of Parmesan cheese, well grated; season with salt and pepper. Line small tartpans, or little deep moulds, with puff paste, fill them, and bake ten minutes.

*Cauliflower with Cheese.*—Boil the cauliflower in salt and water, and drain it; soak the largest pieces in white sauce, mixed with grated cheese; dress it upon a dish, cover it with the same sauce, sprinkle the top with cheese, spread on it a layer of butter, and sprinkle it with bread-raspings. Brown with a salamander, or in an oven, and serve very hot. This will be found a very savory and, at the same time, delicate dish.

*To Keep Cheese.*—When a whole cheese is cut, and the consumption small, it is generally found to become unpleasantly dry and to lose flavor before it is consumed. This is best prevented by cutting a sufficient quantity for a few days' consumption from the cheese; place the remainder in a cool place, rather damp than dry, spreading a thin film of butter over the cut surface, and covering it with a cloth to keep off the dirt. This removes the objection existing in families against purchasing a whole cheese at a time. The common practice of buying cheese in small quantities should be avoided, as not only a higher price is paid for any given quality, but there is little likelihood of obtaining exactly the same flavor twice running. Should cheese become too dry to be agreeable, it may be used for stewing, or when grated cheese is wanted.

*Italian Sausage.*—Cut up four pounds of lean pork with one pound of fat. Season the meat with mixed spice, salt, coriander seed, and aniseed bruised, and add to it as much pig's blood and white wine as is required to bring it to the proper consistence, taking care not to render it too moist. Then cut some strips the thickness of the little finger from the most fleshy part of a calf's head, mix them with the chopped meat, and put the materials into sausage skins. Tie the ends securely, boil them, and afterwards dry them in the smoke of a wood fire until they become hard.

*Pickled Pork.*—Although every part of the pig which is thin and streaky is fit for converting into pickled pork, yet the fillet and breasts are the portions best adapted for this purpose. The meat is to be cut into pieces, and laid at the bottom of an oaken pan, on a layer of crushed salt, packing them as closely together as possible, and cover them with a mixture of fifteen parts of salt and one of saltpetre. Lay on the top a cloth folded into four, and a round board, with a number of heavy stones on the top. If the pork is required for immediate use it may be removed at the end of five or six days, but if it is wished to preserve it for a considerable time, it must remain longer in salt.

*German Pudding* — Two eggs, their weight in sugar, butter and flour, a little grated lemon-rind; steam two hours.

GAINING AND LOSING.—It costs more to regain a pound of flesh lost than to produce it, as the loss of flesh indicates something wrong in the condition of the animal. All classes of stock should be kept thrifty, with a view of a constant increase and early sales.

### Confidential Correspondents.

INQUIRER.—There is no difference between olive oil and sweet oil.

G. W. R.—Rosin is turpentine deprived of its volatile oil by distillation. The process is very tedious.

THOMAS H.—Any person qualified to command a vessel is entitled to be called "captain." Even petty officers in a ship are often so called.

HIGH HEELS.—Kid boots can be renovated by mixing with the white of an egg a small quantity of good black ink. It should be applied with a soft sponge.

FRANK F.—Mice gnaw harness for the salt contained in the perspiration exuded from the horse. To prevent this, place salt in places where the mice can get at it.

G. J. B.—Floral decorations were very prevalent in the Eastern and Roman churches in the earliest ages. It is perhaps impossible to say when they first came into fashion; Nature herself would suggest them.

UNDECIDED.—Your sweetheart, if one can call such a mere fish by a pleasant name, is a born simpleton. If you marry him, you will probably have to maintain him; and we should advise you to say merely that you want to marry a man when you change your way of life.

TOURIST.—Carlyle tells one story of a rugged baron who smeared his hand and dashed it on a parchment by way of a signature; but you must not take that as the origin of the phrase "sign-manual." The sign-manual is simply the signature made with the hand—nothing more recondite than that. By-the-way, do not accept as accurate the pictures which represent King John as signing Magna Charta; he affixed his seal to the document.

S. M.—After due consideration, knowing difficulties which you do not know, seeing obstacles which you cannot see, feeling acutely temptations, coldness, and cruelties, which you as yet cannot feel, we should seriously advise you not to try literature; its triumphs are small, its pay mean, and its struggle—if its purpose be rightly understood—perpetual. Your present duty lies before you. Beware how you quit a certain present for an uncertain and dangerous future.

R. J.—Women lose their beauty and grow older sooner than men, just as they come earlier to maturity. The elm has its leaves long before the oak, but the oak holds them to the last. Upon this fact we build the conclusion, that a man who marries a woman seven or eight years his senior does unwisely; as, when he grows in years, his helpmeet must necessarily fall him. Shakspeare says—and he has proved it too by marrying one older than himself—"Let still the woman take an older than herself." Thereby it seems to us she will more greatly reverence and love the husband, who must also be to her a guide and a father.

S. M. U.—Break was originally pronounced like speak, i. e., breek. Now we call it "brake." So tea was always made to rhyme with pray, i. e., tay, and in some parts of Ireland well-educated gentlemen and ladies say breek and tay, and, curiously, "spake." Fashion changes all these things. Again, oblige w a pronounced "obleege," leisure "leesure," not "ley sure." "Mr. Keuble," said the Prince Regent, "would you obleege me with a pinch of snuff?"—"Open your Royal jaws and say oblige," said the sturdy and grand actor; and perhaps he was right. In the present Royal family, it is said, some of these old pronunciations still linger. 2 Barley-Break was a kind of rural game, something like Kiss-in-the-Ring.

FLORA.—A lady who can speak three or four languages is not necessarily an educated woman. Education is hard to define. Probably one can read well, and with understanding, and who can write, and cypher, and reason well, who knows history fairly, and can earn his own living, is an educated man; that is, he is led out of his original and gross ignorance. If in addition to this, he knows two or three other languages, and has read the literature or his own land with discernment, he is highly educated. Accomplishments are the finishing touches on the highly educated. They include deportment, manner, drawing, dancing, singing, music, and those nameless, charming acquirements which ladies have. If a lady were as learned as Professor Porson, (and we doubt if she could be so learned,) and as great a brute, (we doubt that too,) she could be considered accomplished.

MARAH.—We can go only by results. If people become sober, devout, patient, forgiving, and kindly, we may perhaps be excused from prying into the exact nature of the mental process which led to the change. Never mind the black sheep who only pretend to be religious. Keep clear of them, and, if you cannot feel that kind of spiritual exaltation which is known as "conversion," try to be as good as you can, and all will be well for you in the end. We know that some professors of Christianity are bitter and malignant, but their conduct does not alter the intrinsic beauty of the original faith. You ask a very funny question. We do not know that Europe is happier now than it was under the few wise and clement pagan emperors; but, as we cannot call paganism back, and as we would not if we could, why begin to rake up old stories and make futile comparisons? Christianity, in spite of the many faults committed by its professors, has tended to sweeten the atmosphere of life—and that is all you need care to know. A theological discussion would be out of place in these columns.

LOO LOO.—A young girl is hardly to be blamed if, having been engaged, hastily, and without much thought, to a gentleman, she suddenly finds out that she can love another very much better. Hearts are really not made to be turned round like the hands of a clock. You are in the condition indicated above, and the gentleman to whom you are engaged is a man of honor; if he be also a man of delicacy, you will be quite safe, and had better at once lay open the condition of your heart to him. For the sake of the happiness of both, you now must demand of yourself straightforwardness, honesty of purpose, and truth. Love is too sacred to be trifled with, and it will be sure to bring upon those who violate its truth a terrible punishment. Why, half the tragic stories, half the conquest of peoples, half the ruin of kings, arise from a disregard of this law. God has implanted love in the breasts of man and woman; if they make marriages a matter of law, trade, or convenience, then they will surely rue their marriage-day. All that you have to do is to be certain that your new passion is not a fleeting, but an abiding one.